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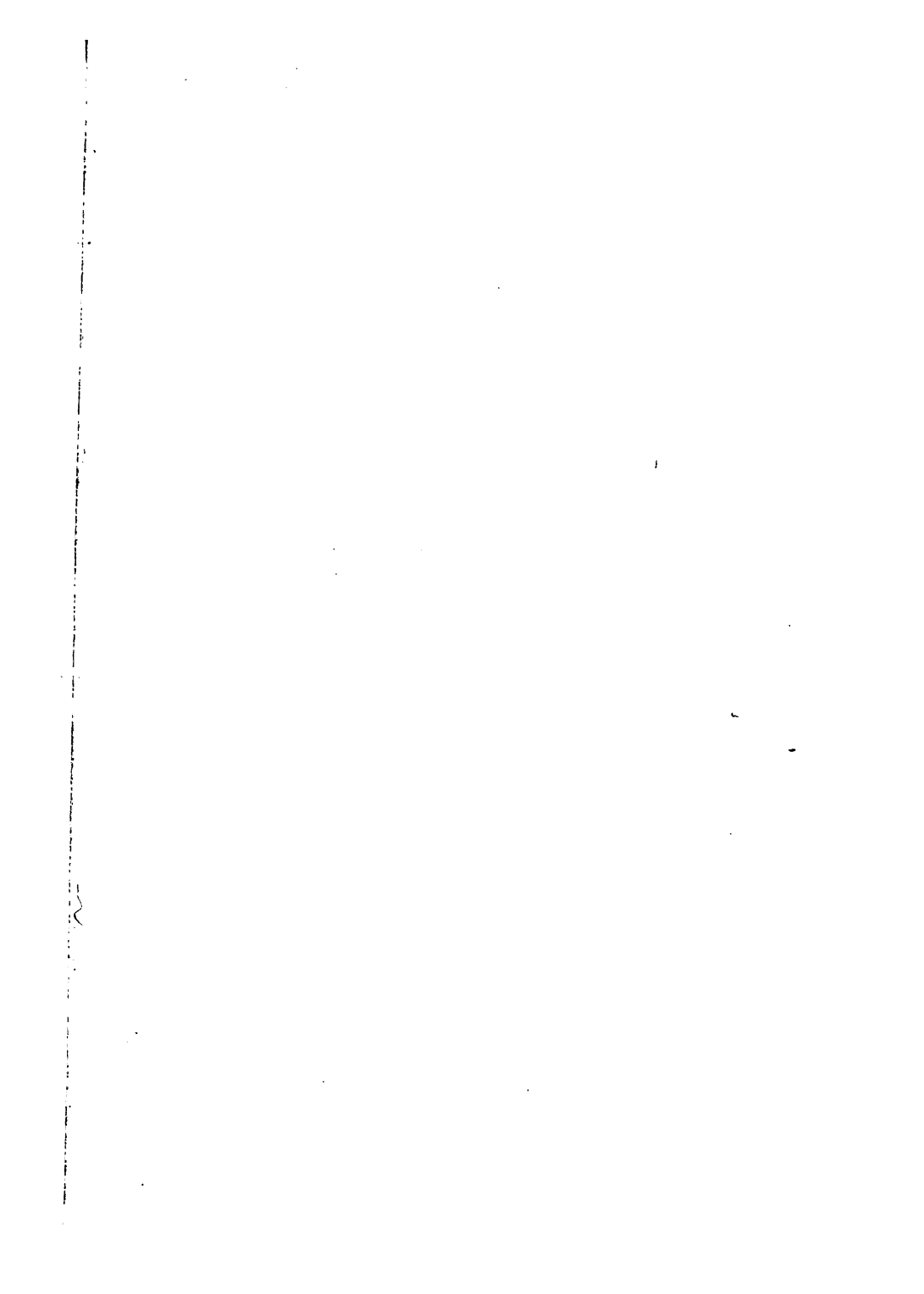


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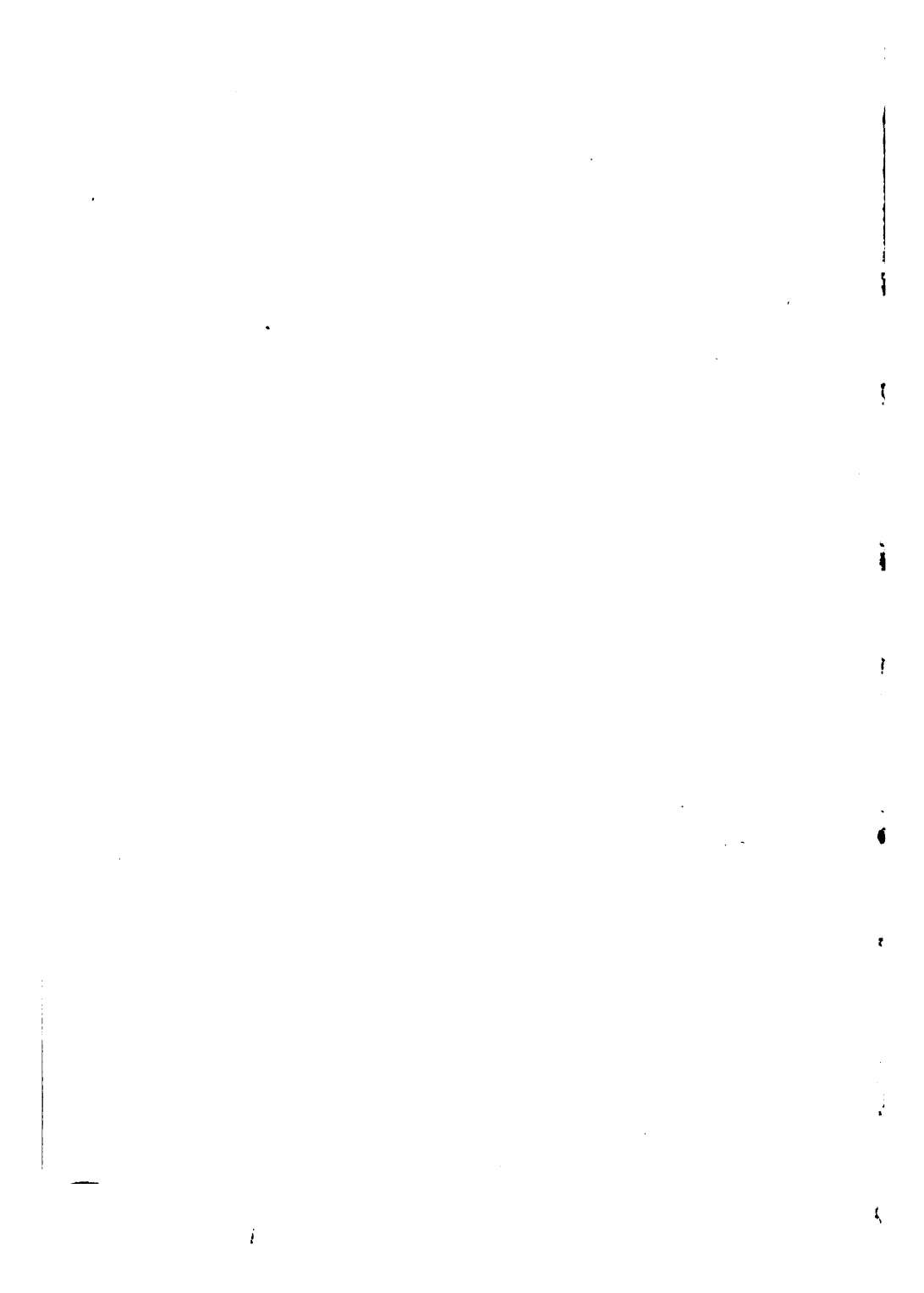
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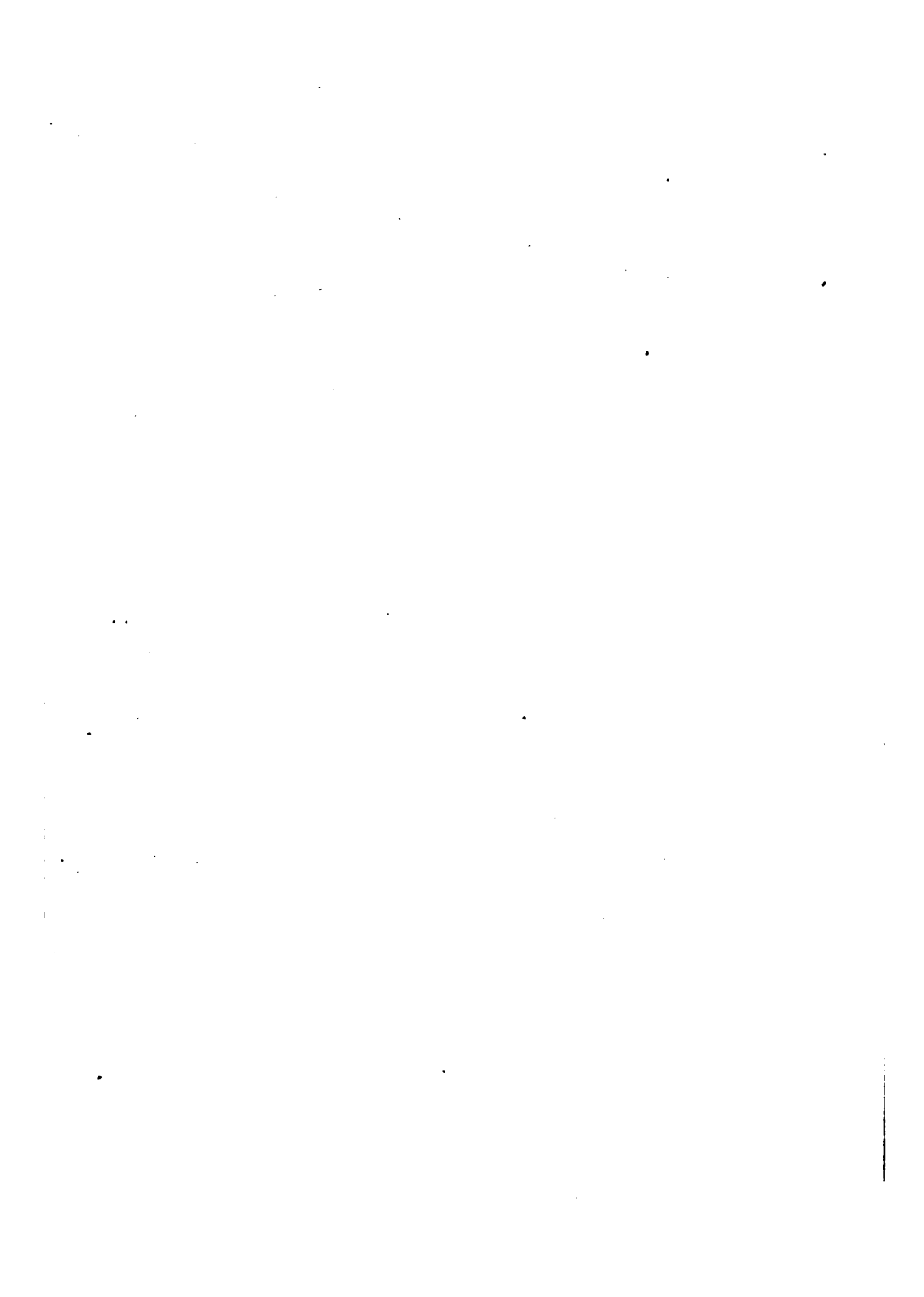




HENRY JACKSON VAN DYKE









*Henry J. Vanduyse*

*yours affectionately in L<sup>t</sup>.  
Henry J. Vanduyse*



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donald, in a  
Henry J. Donkey

# HENRY JACKSON VAN DYKE

*Hominum non quæsit gloria, invenit Dei*

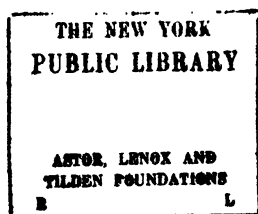


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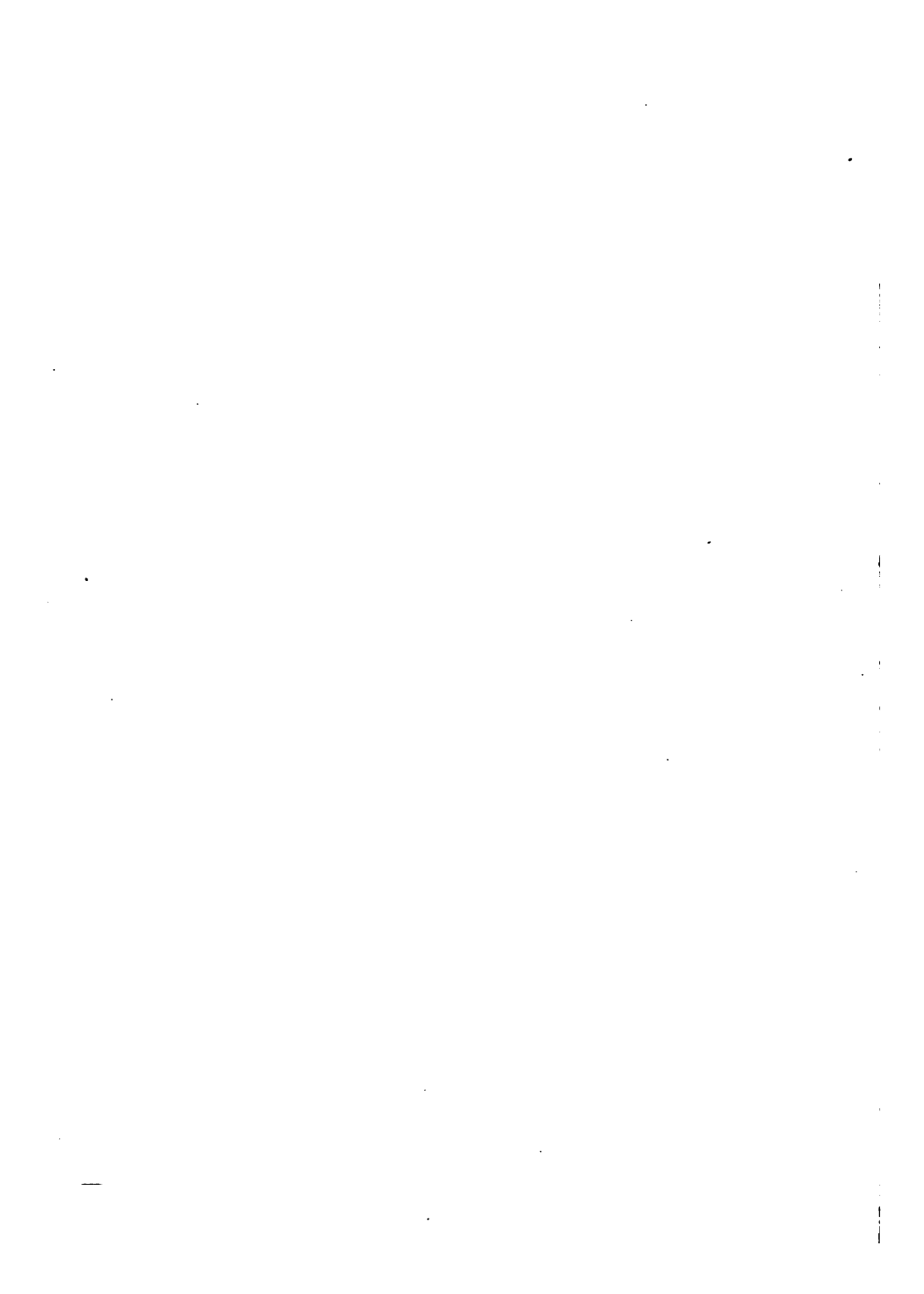
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**LIFE AND CHARACTER.**



**H**ENRY JACKSON VAN DYKE was born at Abingdon, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, on March 2, 1822. He was the fourth son of Frederick Augustus Van Dyke, M. D., a well-known physician, who was born at New Brunswick, N. J., educated at Princeton College, and practised medicine for more than sixty years, first in the neighborhood about Abingdon, and then in the city of Philadelphia, taking a prominent and useful part in the early Temperance movements in this country. His American ancestry was derived, in the direct male line, from Jan Thomassen van Dyke, the first magistrate of New Utrecht, Long Island, in 1652.

The boyhood of HENRY J. VAN DYKE was spent in his father's country home; and there he conceived that love for rural life and occupations which continued throughout his career, making him long for the green fields even while he dwelt in cities. The marked traits in his boyish personality were physical courage and religious earnestness. There was nothing that he loved more than to ride his father's wildest horse, bare-backed,

across the meadows; and the cunning animal soon learned that he could only dismount his young master by running through the orchard under the low-lying branches. But the boy's moral vigor developed no less early than his bodily daring. His religious impressions were profound and real. He united with the church while he was still very young, though neither of his parents were at that time professing Christians; and in later years he spoke to his sons, though very rarely and with reticence, of the intense inward convictions which made him feel, while he was still a schoolboy, that the greatest thing in the world was to preach the gospel.

In 1838, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated in 1843, having, in the mean time, studied for one year at Yale College. His theological course was completed at Princeton Seminary in 1845. He was licensed by the Third Presbytery of Philadelphia in June of the same year, and ordained pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Bridgeton, N. J. In 1845, he was married to Miss Henrietta Ashmead, the second daughter of Thomas Ashmead, Esq., of Philadelphia, who survives with two of her six children, to cherish his memory and be grateful for his life.

The pastorate in Bridgeton, which lasted for seven years, with an interruption of one year

by an illness which threatened the young minister's life and made preaching impossible, was typical of the work of a Presbyterian bishop in a country charge. His sermons were carefully prepared, and full of sound doctrine, more theologically expressed than was his custom in later years, but still touched with that earnestness and reality which can only come from a close contact with human life. This he secured by constant and faithful pastoral visitation. He travelled all the country roads and lanes through a wide circuit, and hardly a week passed in which he did not go out to hold service in some school or farmhouse in a remote settlement. At the same time he was a diligent presbyter, and neglected none of his duties in the general oversight of the churches.

In 1852, he was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Germantown, Pa. His work there began with promise, but was interrupted by a great sorrow, in the sudden death of his two eldest children, leaving him with only an infant a few months old. These sad associations made him the more willing to entertain a call to a new field of labor. He was invited to assume the charge of the First Presbyterian Church in Remsen Street, Brooklyn, and removed thither in the spring of 1853. Thus began a pastorate which lasted, without any real

break, for more than thirty-eight years, and until the day of his death. Of such a ministry it is difficult, — it is practically impossible, — to give any account which shall not seem exaggerated to strangers, and still more imperfect and inadequate to those who have a living memory of the man and his labors. A sketch of this kind must be more or less like a photograph of some famous scene; those who have never looked upon the landscape with their own eyes will find the picture unnatural; but those to whom it is familiar will miss the light, the color, the infinite gradations of sunshine and shadow; to both classes the photograph will be unsatisfactory; but to the latter class at least it may serve as a stimulus and suggestion to memory, seen through whose glass the hues will brighten again, and the motions of life reappear. It is in the hope of finding such a power of personal interpretation in the reader, — a power to make the bare phrase vital with meaning, — that this sketch is written.

When Dr. Van Dyke arrived in Brooklyn, in the thirty-first year of his age, a stranger to the city and in health apparently far from robust, he found the church somewhat weakened by internal dissensions in the past, and thus hindered from occupying as large a position of usefulness as it should have done, but ready to receive him as its new minister with the utmost kindness and cordiality. Acting upon this spirit, he ignored all differences

of opinion, and threw himself with intense energy into the task of building up the church by distinctly religious means, on the broad and solid foundation of a simple faith in Jesus Christ. The immediate result of this course was harmony and co-operation among the members; and this was followed by the rapid and substantial growth of the congregation. There was nothing extraordinary or sensational in the methods that he pursued. They were the old methods of careful preparation for earnest and steady preaching; regular house-to-house visitation of all the families in his parish; and faithful efforts to obtain access to households which were destitute of religious life and unconnected with the church. But into these old methods he put the warmth and vigor of his ardent personality, and so made them vital and effectual. There were no revivals, in the ordinary acceptance of that word, no sudden gatherings of multitudes into the church; although he would have welcomed them if they had come in the Providence of God and as the result of the plain preaching of the gospel. But there was a vivification of the church in all its activities; a renewed and steadfast spirit of devotion among Christians; and a quiet, gentle, constant accession of thoughtful and earnest young men and women to the fellowship and service of Christ. It was an everyday ministry, persistent, patient, unflagging in its noiseless zeal. And its fruits, brought forth month

by month, and year by year, were wholesome and abundant.

In 1857, the health of the young pastor broke down under the steady strain of his labors, and he was again forced to rest for about a year, spending the spring and summer in Europe, and the greater part of the following winter in Florida. From this vacation he returned with new strength, to complete the first seven years of his service, at the close of which the church was in a condition of health and prosperity, — full, united, active, and useful. The University of Missouri gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1860.

With the excitement which preceded the outbreak of the Civil War, a new period began in his ministry. Hitherto placid and untroubled, it was now to pass through a region of strife and an atmosphere darkened by the clouds of suspicion and enmity. Not that there was any real change in the character or spirit of his service as a minister of the gospel; on the contrary, it was the very essence of the principle for which he contended that this service should not be changed, that it should still be distinctly religious rather than political, and that men of every party who came to his church should hear a plain gospel, of faith and love, peace and piety. Through all those stormy years his preaching and his pastoral visitation went on like a quiet and clear stream, flowing unperturbed through the tempest. But in order



to pursue this course, it was necessary to declare the reasons for it and to defend it. Thus there came into the external side of his life, along the borderlands, some sharp and painful conflicts. Looking back upon them now, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, whatever may be thought of the position that he took, one thing is clear: it was taken honestly, at the cost of immense personal sacrifice, and it was maintained fairly, without a touch of disloyalty to his friends or to his country. In all the contest he was a man of fearless integrity.

On two points his position has been misunderstood by some, though never by those who knew him. He was not a pro-slavery man. He may have underestimated the force and meaning of the great movement which resulted in its abolition, but he never thought that slavery ought to be perpetuated. It is true that he was not in sympathy with the methods of early abolitionism; and he expressed his opposition with frankness. He did not believe that the Bible condemned slavery as a sin in itself, and therefore he would not be forced to say so. But when it was gone he was glad, and he never wished for its re-establishment.

He was always a Union man. A single extract from one of his sermons preached on Thanksgiving Day, 1859, will show the spirit which actuated him: —

“And above all teach your children, by precept and example, to love and defend all parts of our common country. Frown upon the wrath and bitterness and contempt by which evil-minded men are striving to separate the two great sections of our land by an impassable gulf, — a gulf into which, if they shall succeed in digging it, the treasures of commerce and the sweet charities of the fireside, and the fairest schemes and hopes of our common Christianity shall go down and perish. Whoever may have been the first to raise this evil spirit, and under whatever provocations it may be indulged on either side, the spirit itself is dangerous and wicked, and it becomes the duty of all men by all means to exorcise and lay it. . . .

“I exhort you, by the memory of all that is dear in the past history of our country and our church, by all the obligations that bind you to the law of the land and the law of God, by your love for the peace and security of your own fireside, by the privileges that make the sanctuary and the Sabbath your delight, by your hope for a perishing world, by your regard for the unity of the body of Christ, I exhort you to banish from your household, and your lips, and your heart, all wrath and bitterness, and ridicule and evil surmising against any portion of our common country.”

In the spring of 1861, he was invited to deliver an address before the Bible Society in Charleston, S. C. The first steps of secession had already been taken when he reached the city, and the

flag, with the rattlesnake upon it, was flying over the batteries that bristled around the harbor. The building in which the meeting of the society was held, was so crowded that the speaker was obliged to enter by the window. He began his speech thus: "When I accepted this invitation some months ago, I thought I was coming to speak in my native country; but as I sailed up your bay, I saw floating a new flag, with a strange, and not altogether pleasant, device. Before I address you further, I want you to understand distinctly that I, for one, am standing under my own flag, the good old Stars and Stripes." Returning northward, he was invited to address the Virginia Convention in Richmond, and pleaded with them, in the same spirit and with an eloquence which those who heard him described as marvellous, not to forsake the Union and the old flag.

This was the same man who afterwards, in Brooklyn, answered the leader of a midnight mob, demanding that he should at once display a flag upon his church and house at peril of death if he refused: "Go tell them that I love my flag too well to hang it out at the bidding of a crowd of rioters."

The man who could speak thus under such circumstances certainly had the courage of his convictions and the love of his country.

His words spoken in 1859 may well stand as an

expression of the spirit which is now recognized as true loyalty. "For myself I thank God that I was born and nurtured in the keystone of this glorious national arch, under circumstances far removed from sectional bias and prejudice ; so that the roof tree of a Virginia plantation seems to me no less sacred than the old willows under which I used to lie and dream of the green mountains of the North and the broad savannahs of the South as constituting one happy and prosperous country."

It seemed to him that the first blow of civil strife would mar this vision forever. He thought that war, no matter who began it or who won it, meant the destruction of the country.

It may be that he underestimated the forces of antagonism and opposing theories of the constitution which found their painful and bloody issue in that irrepressible conflict. It may be that his judgment was at fault. But in his heart there was no error ; in his words no cowardice ; and on his conduct no stain.

None rejoiced more than he that his dark prophecy of a Union destroyed was reversed in the present reality of a Republic rising purified and united out of the fires of Civil War.

The next period of Dr. Van Dyke's ministry, extending from the close of the war to the year 1876, may be described as the period of Reunion.

There were two great movements within the church at that time, in both of which he took an important part.

The first was the movement to reunite the Old School and New School branches of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. To this, Dr. Van Dyke was opposed at the outset. He did not like the terms which were proposed. He was not sure that the movement was spontaneous and genuine. He feared the result of an effort to make a comprehensive church, in which there should be room for different schools of thought, — therefore he resisted it. But when it became evident that the Reunion was supported by the majority of both churches, and that it would be accomplished on the basis of "the standards, pure and simple," he withdrew all opposition and fell in with the endeavor to make it a success. He joined with Dr. Cuyler and Dr. Wells in practical plans for bringing the two Brooklyn Presbyteries together, not only in name but in spirit, and he said: "Whatever may have been our position in regard to the reunion before it was accomplished, now that it is consummated it is our manifest duty to dissipate the fears and disprove the forebodings of any who were conscientiously opposed to it." This duty he discharged with faithfulness. He formed some of his closest friendships among the men who had formerly belonged to the New School, learning to love and

trust them, as he did Dr. Howard Crosby, with an intimate and inseparable affection, and coming at last to be a warm advocate of a comprehensive church in which there must be room for many schools of thought, dwelling together in harmony under one rule of faith.

We have recorded here this change of attitude with candor and with pride. It was characteristic of the man. He was open to conviction; he looked toward the light; he was so true that he did not need to be anxious about consistency; he followed the lines of practical duty; and while he walked along that path new illuminations came to him, and his horizon widened as he rose.

The second movement in the church in which he was actively engaged about this time, was the effort to establish fraternal relations with the Southern branch, which had been separated during the war. He was among the first of those who desired to secure such action on the part of the Presbyterian Church (in which the Old and New schism had just been healed), as should make it clear to the Southern brethren that the acts of 1861, 1865, and 1866, which were offensive to them, were not of any authority, never having been approved by the Reunited Church, and to convey this declaration, with a request for fraternal intercourse, to the South. It was fitting that he should be prominent in such a movement; for his position in the past might be expected to

give him influence as a mediator. He had steadily objected to the deliverances regarded as offensive by the South, standing on the ground of Dr. Charles Hodge's protest of 1861, that "the Church has no right to make anything a condition of Christian or ministerial fellowship which is not enjoined or required in the Scriptures and the standards of the Church."

In the assembly of 1866, his action as commissioner was one continuous protest. He believed that "the questions in regard to civil government and domestic servitude, which have separated us, are practically decided by the war, and to that decision the Southern ministers and churches have unanimously submitted." And to practically and formally exclude the Southern Church from projects for Presbyterian reunion was likely, in the language of his protest, to "exert an influence which would retard the permanent pacification of the country, and the restoration of good-will among all the people."

It was, therefore, with a glad heart that he started in 1870, with Dr. John C. Backus and the Hon. William E. Dodge, on an embassy of peace to the Southern Church. But when this delegation was met by the Southern Assembly at Louisville, with a refusal to entertain any overtures for fellowship, except upon conditions which involved an apology for acts which the Reunited Church had never approved, and a condemnation

of the principle of comprehension on which the Old and New Schools had come together, — when this was clear, Dr. Van Dyke was concerned to prevent any attempt to fulfil these conditions. He regarded them as impracticable, improper, and unjust. He held that the two churches would not be brought nearer together, but thrust farther apart, by the discussion of terms which practically implied the existence of mutual hostility and distrust. And he believed that a true union could only be consummated by ignoring the past, and working together in the present. This was the lesson of experience that he had learned in the healing of the breach between the Old School and the New School. And from that time forward, he withstood all attempts to make an artificial compromise, because he saw that they would only delay and prevent the natural arrival of a true, permanent, and complete unity between the Northern and Southern branches of the Presbyterian Church. In the spring of 1872, Dr. Van Dyke was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tennessee. For many important reasons he felt that it was his duty to accept, and, accordingly, though with great regret, he resigned his charge in Brooklyn. He was received at Nashville with the utmost cordiality, and preached there for two months with power and acceptance, as the pastor-elect. But his affections as a man, always intense and steadfast, had received a



sharper wrench than he knew, in parting from his beloved people. He found himself overwhelmed, in a way which he was never able to explain, with an intolerable sense of "homesickness." The summer vacation, which he passed in Europe, brought no relief from these depressing feelings. He did not see how it was possible to continue his work in such a frame of mind, and was in great perplexity as to his duty. Providence determined the question. In the autumn his wife was threatened by a serious illness, which made it necessary that she should remain in New York under the care of an eminent physician. Forced to choose between a prolonged separation from his family and a retirement from the new field in which he had not yet been formally installed, Dr. Van Dyke determined upon the latter course. The church at Nashville generously released him from his engagement, expressing their sense of "the loss they had sustained in failing to secure the services of one who had shown himself so well fitted to do the Master's work among them, and had so endeared himself to the people." The church in Brooklyn, which was still without a minister, at once recalled their old pastor, and he settled down again, among his old friends to complete his life-work.

In 1876, the General Assembly met in Brooklyn, and he was elected moderator. The office was one for which he had a very high reverence; he

filled it with diligence, skill, and success. In the following year he preached the sermon before the assembly at Chicago; his theme was, "The Pre-eminence and Power of the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth," and the discourse is reprinted in this volume. It shows very clearly the thought and purpose which had come to be central and dominant in his preaching. The person of Christ had become the heart of his theology. All its warmth and power came from that vital source. He was growing in grace continually, because to the very end of life he was growing in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus. Whatever change took place in his conception of the relations of the truths of the Christian religion to each other, and the comparative importance of the different doctrines, — and we know that there was such a change between his earlier and later ministry, for we saw it, and he acknowledged it with gladness, — it was made under the influence of an ever-deepening sense of the reality of the gospel of Christ, the Revealer of God, the Saviour of the World. He preached this with great joy, and he brought all things into subjection to it. It was the regnant truth in his mind and in his heart. His religion was a personal trust in a personal Saviour. And the source of the unflinching courage, the inexhaustible tenderness, the unshaken confidence of his beautiful life and triumphant death was nothing else than the believing vision of Jesus Christ as his Lord and his God.

The bare record of the public services of such a man, and of the movements in the church in which he took an active part, does not give any true idea of the force and fertility of his life or of the things which were most beautiful and precious in his character. He was indeed a born ecclesiastic, naturally fitted to share in the councils of the Church, a master of her laws and usages, a ready and potent debater. In these qualities he was known of many. But the man behind all this was better and greater than the outside world could know.

He showed at his best in his church, in the circle of those who were intimate with him, and to the children whom he made his friends. It is not possible to write fully of these things, but there are four traits which we must mention, lest this picture should seem altogether shadowy and unreal.

He was full of intellectual industry. He loved his study. His preparation for the regular services of the church was no less careful and thorough than that which he made for public occasions. He delivered courses of lectures on almost all of the more important books of the Bible. He made elaborate studies for a course on "Biblical Introduction" at the weekly meetings. It mattered nothing to him whether the audience was to be large or small; he always wanted to do his best work. He had read through the great body of Calvinistic theology, as

written in English. During most of the years of his pastorate, he pursued special studies in Hebrew with a learned Jew. Withal he was a devoted reader of general literature. He always had some book at hand for leisure moments. In the winter it was usually prose, — Gibbon or Froude or Johnson. In the summer it was poetry, — Wordsworth, Shakspeare, Milton, and Tennyson were in succession the companions of his vacation for many years. And it is literally true that he wore out more than one copy of "Paradise Lost" and of "In Memoriam." All this reading was tributary to his preaching. He made no display of learning; but the pages of his sermons were "ardent with gems" from the mines of literature.

At the same time he was a most faithful pastor. He went from house to house watching over his people. Again and again we have seen him, wearied by some public duty, or exhausted by severe study, yet setting out cheerfully to continue that round of pastoral visits which he tried to make every year. Again and again we have seen him rise from a bed of pain to answer the call of some one who was sick or in trouble. In these duties he never failed, and how many souls he has cheered in gloom, comforted in sorrow, counselled in perplexity, inspired in despondency, and succored in the real troubles of life, God only knows, — for the minister himself never told of his

work ; he did not let his right hand know what his left hand was doing.

His character was marked also by a profound and unfeigned love of Nature. He was a disciple of Izaak Walton, and spent some weeks of every year in the wild country, following a fisherman's life. But it was not alone, nor chiefly, the sport that allured him ; he had a passion for the forests, the lakes, the rivers ; he was still —

“ A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains ; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,  
And what perceive.”

“ I know,” said he, “ what the poet meant by —

“ ‘ The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.’ ”

But perhaps his strongest trait was his intense humanity. He was a man with red blood in his veins. Quick in temper, impetuous in speech, resolute in action, with something of impatient scorn for the sentimentalities of the age, he had yet a heart framed for sympathy, and responsive to all that was genuine in his fellow-men, whether of joy or of sorrow. No one had a keener relish for a merry jest. No one was more tender and compassionate towards suffering. But the conventionalities of life perplexed and repelled him. He could never learn to speak the cant of society or the cant of religion : —

“ His magic was not far to seek ;  
He was so human ! — Whether strong or weak,  
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,  
But sate an equal guest at every board.  
No beggar ever felt him condescend,  
No prince presume ; for still himself he bare  
At manhood’s simple level, and where’er  
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.”

It remains now only to gather up a few of the records of the last years of his life, which were also the best. In 1877, he was a delegate to the First General Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh. He spent the rest of the summer in travelling through the Scotch Highlands with his family and with Dr. Howard Crosby. On several occasions he was invited to fill the chair of Systematic Theology in different Theological Seminaries, — among which Columbia, Alleghany, and San Francisco may be named ; but the pastoral office still had attractions for him which he could not resign. He wrote constantly for the religious press, and, in particular, his articles on Worship were widely read, and helped to promote the advance toward a more orderly and beautiful form of service in the Presbyterian Church. He was at the farthest remove from ritualism of any kind, and for this very reason he believed that the common worship of the people would be improved by the introduction of a few simple and familiar forms in which all could join.

His only published volumes were a series of

sermons on "The Lord's Prayer," and a course of lectures on "The Church: Her Ministry and Sacraments." The lectures were delivered in 1890 on the L. P. Stone foundation, at Princeton Theological Seminary. They were marked by breadth of view, clearness of statement, and a rare consistency with the standards of the church. They took rank at once, among thoughtful readers, as the best American presentation of the high doctrine of Presbyterianism in regard to the nature of the Church, Ordination, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

In 1881, he was appointed, by the Board of Directors of Princeton Theological Seminary, of which he was a member, to deliver the charge at the inauguration of Prof. Francis L. Patton in the chair, of the "Relations of Science and Philosophy to Revealed Religion." A few extracts from his discourse will indicate his position as a conservative with an open mind: —

"It is of the first importance to correct, especially in the minds of our young men, the common but false impression that the theology taught in this Seminary belongs to a past age, and rests for its support on authority and tradition. While we reverence the great names of the past and enter into their labors, we claim for ourselves and for our children that same right to think which they exercised."

... "Truth is greater than all creeds; wherever she speaks her voice is divine; and all truth is one even as God is one." ...

“While Truth is in itself unchangeable, and revealed facts in regard to God’s purpose and plan of salvation are fixed and eternal realities, there may and must be progress in our knowledge of the truth, and in our methods of expounding and defending it.”

These utterances were prophetic of the attitude which he assumed when the question of the Revision of the Confession of Faith arose, in 1889, in the Presbyterian Church. He was heartily and consistently in favor of such a revision as should remove the doctrine of fore-ordination to eternal death from our venerable standards, and introduce into them a clear and explicit statement of the love of God for the whole world, the sacrifice of Christ for all mankind, and the sincere offer of grace and salvation to every creature. For this he labored with incredible industry, with cheerful hope, and with a courteous wisdom of utterance which gave the widest influence to his work. His articles upon the subject, which were contributed to many religious newspapers in all parts of the country, would fill a large book. He was appointed in 1890 as a member of the General Assembly’s Committee on Revision, and served with extraordinary zeal and marked ability in all its deliberations. His removal from that committee by the hand of death was an irreparable loss.

In the spring of 1891, he was elected to fill the



chair of Systematic Theology in Union Seminary, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. W. G. T. Shedd. It seemed as if this position, with its peculiar responsibilities, was the one for which all his past training and experience had been preparing him. His theological studies, his broad human sympathies, his intimate knowledge of the history and law of the Church, and his personal contact with her living thought and activity, qualified him to fill the post with honor. He had neither sought nor expected the call; but when it came he regarded it as providential, and made ready, with reluctance, to resign the charge of his beloved church, and, with an ever-youthful vigor, to undertake his new duties.

At a meeting of the Alumni of the Seminary, on the 18th of May, he made an extemporaneous address in response to their cordial welcome of him as a professor-elect. He wanted to tell them what the election meant to him. On the back of the programme which he carried in his pocket, we have found four words pencilled in his bold, clear hand: "1. Peace. 2. Toleration. 3. Progress. 4. Preaching." One paragraph from his speech has been preserved by those who heard it. After declaring his loyalty to the Confession of Faith, and to the older interpretation of it, he said: —

"I claim for every man the same liberty that I claim for myself, and I will never consent to the

condemnation of any man as a heretic, unless after a fair hearing and a full trial he is proved to have rejected one or more of the cardinal and essential doctrines of the Confession. Let us have orthodoxy and liberty; but if we cannot have both, let us have liberty anyway. The way to keep out heresy is to stop heresy-hunting, and let in the light."

But the work to which he looked forward was not written down for him to do in the task-book of life. When God's hand turned the hidden leaf, the word that stood upon it was not "Labor," but "Rest." Instead of making peace, he was called to enjoy it.

On Sunday, the 24th of May, he preached twice in his own church, with his usual earnestness and power. During the evening service the first sharp, warning pangs shot through his heart, but did not prevent him from finishing his sermon. Early on Monday morning, May 25, there was another attack of pain, which made him seek the counsel of his physician and friend, Dr. S. Fleet Speir. He then learned that the trouble was *angina pectoris*, and that it might be serious. His indomitable spirit was a stranger to fear. He passed the rest of the day in his usual manner, — going over to New York, moving genially among his friends, and spending the evening in bright and joyous social intercourse in his own quiet home. At half-past nine there was another

spasm of pain. The physician was called at once. When he arrived, the suffering had abated, and the patient was able to give a cheerful greeting. Speaking half-humorously of the long Latin name of the disease, he said, "Well, doctor, you may call it what you please, I am ready to go." And as he rested thus upon his couch, with his wife by his side, and his friend's hand upon his wrist, the swift summons for which he had always prayed came to him. The pulse stopped, the warm heart ceased to throb, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the true soul was with God.

Of what his death meant to his brethren in the ministry, to the church which he loved and served, and to the city in which he spent his life, those who wish to know may read in another part of this volume. But if it seem strange to any that this brief memorial should be written by his sons rather than by the worthier hand of some of his own contemporaries, let this be our reason and excuse:—

Others may have known him longer; no one else knew him so well. In the generosity of his love he made himself our most intimate friend. We never heard him say a false word, nor saw him do a mean thing. He taught us to love liberty and truth, and bound us to himself only by the authority of affection. We knew that he

was a strong preacher, a powerful debater, a successful pastor, a noble man among men ; but to us he seemed greatest and best as a father. For it was through his large and loving and bountiful fatherhood that we learned to know what is meant by Our Father in Heaven. And so the heritage that he has left to his children is a memory and a hope more precious than all earthly treasure.

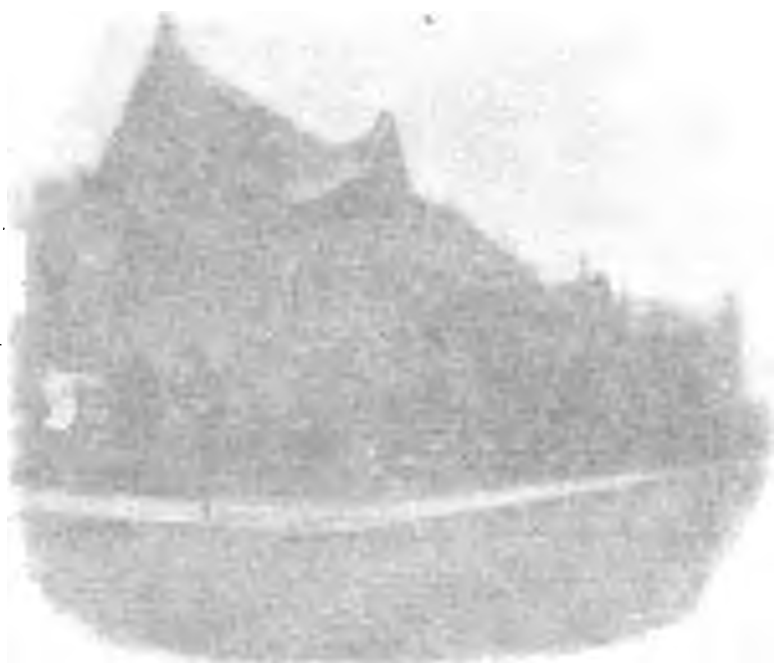
HENRY VAN DYKE.  
PAUL VAN DYKE.





SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

**SERMONS.**



THE-BYUO-SAN (Mt. Fuji)



SERMONS.



## SERMONS.

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### HOW OLD ART THOU?<sup>1</sup>

And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh: and Jacob blessed Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou? And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage. — GENESIS xlvii. 7-9.

THIS passage describes a beautiful, a sublime picture. There are three prominent figures, — a king, a great statesman, and a poor old man. As we look at these three figures, how many and what touching reflections crowd upon us! Around Pharaoh cluster the pomp and splendor of this world's royalty; but in his face there is a human kindness that far outshines all the pearl and gold "the gorgeous East showers on her kings." With Joseph is associated a story of life's vicissitudes, of Providence working in secret, of virtue tempted and triumphant, such as

<sup>1</sup> First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, Dec. 28, 1856.

the genius of romance has never invented. And then the venerable patriarch, what a history he represents! Every hair upon that hoary head, every wrinkle in that time-worn face, chronicles a pathetic chapter in the great volume of life.

Moreover, how speaking is the attitude in which these three figures, with their several associations, are grouped together, as by the hand of a cunning artist.

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

The sympathies of a common humanity, the inner consciousness by which heart answers to heart, as face to face in the glass, has united the king, the statesman, and the poor old man in one tableau, in familiar converse about their common interests. The monarch rises from his throne to do honor to the hoary head. The statesman remembers in his prosperity the ditch from whence he was digged, and seems to value his high position chiefly because it enables him to comfort the father in whose bosom his childhood was nourished. And the patriarch, reverencing the presence of royalty, yet at the same time conscious that the hoary head is the true crown of virtue and honor, the only real nobility, stretches forth his hands, hardened with honest toil, to give an old man's benediction to him that sits on the throne. “Jacob blessed Pharaoh.” Oh, it is a beautiful, a sublime picture! Had I an artist's skill, it seems to me I could so throw it on canvas,

that it would mirror forth to every beholder the brotherhood of man, and illustrate those virtues which unite and beautify all ranks, from the monarch's throne to the shepherd's tent.

But our design to-day is much more narrow and humble than this. With the good hand of our God upon us we are brought to the last Sabbath of another year; and the text has been selected because it suggests suitable topics for our customary New Year's discourse. Using the familiar and simple style which seems suitable to such an occasion, let me, in the first place, press upon you the question, *How old art thou?* and then, secondly, point out some particulars in which you may appropriate Jacob's answer.

#### I. HOW OLD ART THOU?

Simple as it appears, this is a weighty and suggestive question. Pharaoh's design may have been merely to put the patriarch at his ease; but whether he meant it or no, his words have a far wider bearing than a mere commonplace compliment. How they stirred the fountains of the old man's soul! They "opened all the cells where memory slept," and caused the treasured experience of a century to flow out. Well would it be for us and for our friends, if at every turn in life there were some authoritative voice repeating in our ear, *How old art thou?* and so dispelling our foolish and wicked pride as to compel an

honest answer. It would wipe off the color from many a lying vanity, and humble many a haughty look, and give wholesome instruction to many a giddy beholder, if we were all compelled to wear a placard, saying, *this man*, or *this woman*, *is so many years old*. Of all human follies, the effort to conceal one's age has always seemed to me most contemptible. As though it were a disgrace or a crime to be born at God's appointed time! as though an immortal being were to be estimated in the same way that they reckon the market value of a horse!

But however this may be, surely it is well to consider, in ourselves, how old we are. Whatever may be gained by concealment in regard to others, forgetfulness or self-deception can profit us nothing. Man is not wise when "gray hairs are upon him, and he knoweth it not." Take down, therefore, the old family Bible, and look at the record traced there, it may be, by a hand that has long since lost its cunning. How old art thou?

Let me interpret the question. How long have you fed on God's bounty and basked in His sunshine? How long has Providence crowned you with loving-kindness, and grace shed around your heart and home the sweet influences of the world to come? How much of life's opportunities are already gone? Time is the price of wisdom, of divine favor, of eternal life. How much of

the precious treasure is already spent ; how much remains ? How many of these days and years, coined in the mint of God's forbearance ; how many of these Sabbaths, stamped with the image and superscription of a Saviour's love, — may you still call your own ? The veil of the future is impenetrable to your dim eyes ; the grave yawning in your path is concealed from your vision by a thick cloud ; and yet, if you look back over the past, and number your spent days in the light of life's vicissitudes, you may estimate with some degree of accuracy the sum of those that remain. What is your life ? Is it not a vapor, that now appeareth for a little while, but must soon vanish away ?

How old art thou ? How long and how much have you endured the vicissitudes and sorrows of life ? Go into the graveyard and read over again the memorials of your beloved dead. Go into the far countries from whence many of you have come hither, and summon around you the home-scenes of that land, which, amid all the rich pastures of Goshen, must ever be to you a Canaan. Go into the inner chamber of your memory, and rake over the embers of decayed friendships, and let the faces of companions long since dead, or estranged, look once more lovingly upon you. Open your secret drawer, and bring out the love-tokens of the departed, — the ringlet that minds you of a bird of paradise that nestled

and sung for a few summers in your chamber, and then flew away to more congenial climes; the jewel that circled the finger, or glittered on the bosom on which your head may be pillowed no more till earth and sea give up their dead; the tablets on which the blessed sunlight has painted the express image of beloved faces, over whose beauty the blackness of the grave has gathered. Bring them all out and look upon them once more!

It is not for the mere purpose of stirring your sympathies that I thus exhort you. God forbid that we should wantonly draw fresh blood from wounds that time has healed, or bring back the bitterness of grief to faces from which a good Providence has wiped away the tears. The preacher's hand trembles to open the holy places of memory, and his eyes blot the page on which this record is traced.

But, beloved, such remembrances are profitable for us. If our sorrows were perfumed when they first came by the assurance of a Father's love, the visitations of the rod will yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in the retrospect; and never can we tell how old we are without recalling the changes and sufferings of life.

But all this is only a superficial view of the question. Let us look at it in still wider and more intimate bearings.

The age of man is not to be estimated, like



that of a stone, by the mere flight of time, nor even by the amount of his enjoyment and suffering. A man is old in the highest and best sense of the word, according to what he has learned and accomplished and accumulated.

In the mouth of many a babe the wisdom of the ancients has been perfected. Many a young man, cut down in his prime, has achieved more for God and the world than they whose fruitless life has vegetated for a century. There are men who have lived and traded and laid up treasures for themselves for scores of years, who, according to every right estimate, are poorer than Lazarus. Misers — wretches! their gold will not profit them in the day of wrath: the rust thereof will witness against them, and eat into their flesh like fire. There are men who, with eyes and ears apparently open, have gone through every stage of life, and over the best portions of this wonderful world, who, in respect to their real wisdom, might well have the prophet's words for their epitaph: "The child shall die a hundred years old."

How much therefore have you *learned*? — The world is a *great school-house*. In every bird, beast, and flower, in every bright spot dotted on the broad chart of the firmament, in every page lettered with the impress of other men's genius, in every event of domestic or business life, in every line of this inspired text-book, the great Teacher

has set us a task. Have you addressed yourself to these tasks, knowing that the mind and not the purse is the standard of the man? Have you learned to spell out God's glory in the heavens and the earth? Have the experiences of life brought you nearer to its Author, and linked you in tenderer bonds to your fellow disciples? Above all, have you appreciated and acquired that excellent knowledge of Christ for which the glorious apostle counted all things but loss? Look back over the course of your thoughts and studies; bring forth the store of your true wisdom; strip off your gay clothing and your gold ring; yea, let your naked soul come out from your body, and estimating your age by the measure of *its* stature, *How old art thou?*

How much have you *accomplished?* — The world is *a great workshop*. No one was ever sent into it to be idle. If the eye of an angel ever looks into a Directory, he utters an exclamation of wonder and contempt at every name opposite to which is written *gentleman*. He who works not, has no right either to sleep or to eat; and by a beautiful provision of nature, the morsel and hard bed of the laboring man are sweeter and softer than the dainties and down pillows of the drone. *Sweat* — whether it be pressed out from the brow by the toil of the hand or of the brain — *sweat* is the rent which the great landlord demands of all who tenant the earth. How much,

therefore, have you *done* for the bodily and temporal comfort of your own, for the benefit of a poor and suffering world, for the glory of the great proprietor? Bring out, not the luxuries and vanities, but the real comforts you have provided for your household. Go find the widow and orphan you have visited in their affliction; the ignorant and simple to whose dark habitations you have sent light and holiness. Show us the school of the prophets you have helped to endow, and by which you being dead shall yet speak. Tell us in which of the great missionary schemes of the church your perishable gold has been transmuted into true riches for the redemption of souls. Weigh honestly the influence you have exerted for the kingdom of God and the world's salvation, and according to the notches on that scale, *How old art thou?*

How much have you *accumulated*? — The world is a *great market-place*. When it can be accomplished consistently with fair dealing and a right sense of stewardship to God, every man ought to be rich. Though the love of money be the root of all evil, and the rust of it the canker-worm that shall eat forever into the souls of the covetous; yet its possession is a precious talent, and its right use shall bring with it an everlasting blessing. Examine, therefore, whether your folly or neglect or parsimony has hindered your worldly estate. Have you withheld so that it has tended to

poverty? or grasped at riches with an ungodly haste that has overreached itself? But whatever be your worldly estate, inquire what you have laid up in store against the great day. How many cities have you acquired dominion over by the use of your talents? How much treasure have you laid up in a storehouse where moth and rust do not corrupt, and on which the fires of the last day will not kindle? If your accumulation has been only for yourself, and your garnerers are built no higher than this rusty and moth-eaten earth, eternal wisdom says you are poor and naked and miserable. But if your treasure is heaven, here is God's inventory of your goods: "All things are yours, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all things are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Bring out, therefore, your title-deeds and securities; look at the house you have built for your body here, and the mansion prepared for your soul yonder; search and see whether amid your precious things there is one pearl of great price, and then answer, *How old art thou?*

II. SOME PARTICULARS IN WHICH WE MAY  
APPROPRIATE JACOB'S ANSWER.

"The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." How touching and instructive are these words. He repre-

sents his life under the expressive image of a pilgrimage, of which he declares that its days are *evil*, and that they are *few*.

1. *Life is a pilgrimage.* — With Jacob this was literally true. He had been a wanderer from his youth. His most permanent abode had been a tent. And now, in his old age, he had left the land of promise, the sepulchres of his fathers, and all those associations which always become more tender as life declines, to go and die in a far country. Doubtless the prospect of meeting his long-lost Joseph, and weeping on his neck for joy, cheered him in the journey; but still it was a *sad* and weary journey; and when he leaned on his staff before Pharaoh, those locks that had been whitened in other climes, and those sandaled feet, way-worn on the desert path, testified that life to him had been indeed a pilgrimage.

And so has it been with many of us. *In respect to our actual changes of residence what pilgrims have we been?* Perhaps half of this congregation are to-day far from the homes of their childhood and their fathers' sepulchres. By what changes and journeyings, by what unexpected turns of adverse and prosperous fortunes, have you been brought hither, and associated in your present relations! The little rain-drop, when it falls upon the brow of some grand old mountain, or into the bosom of some sunny valley, knows not with what other drops it may be min-

gled, nor with what living stream it may ultimately be borne to the ocean. The little seed dropped from the parent tree in some tropical island, knows not to what shore it may be wafted, nor in what soil it may take root. That rain-drop and that seed are the symbols of your life. When the little one lies in its cradle, God, who sets the solitary in families, He only knows where and with whom the old man shall find a grave. Life, especially in a great metropolis, is a continual caravan. Looking to-day upon some of you whose faces are new, the preacher is reminded of others more familiar, who on the great deep, or in distant homes, or in the general assembly of the church of the first-born, are thinking of the last Sabbath of the last year which they spent with us in the sanctuary. A few more such days, and then another minister will stand at this altar, and another congregation sit in these heavenly places.

Moreover, *in regard to the passage of time*, what pilgrims we are ! What are these memorial days but milestones set up along the road that leads from the cradle to the tomb. Days, months, and years, how swiftly we are gliding by them ; while, like a child on a journey, we fancy the objects around us are moving, and we sitting still. Childhood, manhood, old age, how rapidly the successive stages are reached ! Births, marriages, funerals, vary them as you will,—these are the

figures that compose the panorama of life; and, from whatever point we look at them, the vision soon terminates in the grave, whose darkness and corruption, art and love vainly strive to conceal with carved marble and sweet flowers. They whose portion is in this life are frittering life itself away in the effort to secure their inheritance. Whether they will or no, an irresistible Power sandals their feet and puts a pilgrim staff in the hand, and hurries them forward in that broad way in which they choose to walk. How soon may they come, in their blindfold haste, to those slippery places on the verge of everlasting ruin.

And then, too, how vivid not only, but how beautiful is the similitude of a journey *as applied to those whose affections are set on things above*. Looking up to God as their Father, and to heaven as their home, they exclaim, "I am a stranger and a sojourner with Thee, as all my fathers were." "They who say such things, declare plainly that they seek a country." They *seek* a country; they would not live always. These earthly comforts are but shadows of good things to come; the substance is in the vision and fruition of God. These earthly joys are but beams and drops coming down to us, few and far between, from that world where the true light shines in unclouded splendor, and streams from the living fountain flow eternally. The Christian pilgrim goes on his

way rejoicing ; and, at every successive stage says, "Now is my salvation nearer than when I believed. A few more setting suns, and then my sun shall no more go down, for God shall be my everlasting light, and the days of my mourning shall be ended."

2. *The days of life's pilgrimage are few.* — To many of us, and especially those who are yet young, it may seem strange to hear a man of a hundred and thirty years estimate his life by days, and call those days few. And yet it is not more strange than our own views and feelings in regard to the time past of our lives. The older we grow the more swiftly do we seem to travel, and yet the briefer is the retrospect. As we look back on childhood and youth they are continually foreshortened, as in a skilful perspective. Now, a year glides away more rapidly than a month of childhood. Venerable man, when you sat at your school desk, the daily intermissions of your tasks came more tardily than the New Year's holidays come now. So it was with Jacob. When he stood before Pharaoh, it seemed to him but a little while since he sat in his mother's tent, or toiled through winter's cold and summer's heat for the love of his beautiful Rachel. Like a dream it seemed long in passing, but how brief the remembrance. And then, too, the patriarch's life seemed brief when contrasted with that of his forefathers. The one hundred and eighty years



of Isaac, the one hundred and seventy-five of Abraham, the nine hundred of his antediluvian ancestors, — how short was his pilgrimage compared with theirs! And yet how long compared with the threescore and ten of later times, which dissipation and recklessness and an insane haste to be rich, has still further diminished to the miserable average of thirty years. Carried away as with a flood, one generation vanishes before another like the successive waves of the sea. Half a century shall scarcely elapse before these great cemeteries shall be more populous than the cities they environ.

Moreover, how much fewer still are the days of life when we consider them in the light of eternity, and in view of those great purposes for which they were bestowed. What is one drop to the ocean? What is one star to the infinite millions God has scattered like dewdrops over the fields of immensity? And what is your life on earth, contrasted with that eternal existence which would be scarcely begun when the ocean were counted dry at the rate of one drop in a million years, or when some angelic arithmetic had summed up the aggregate duration of all the stars that had burnt themselves out like a candle in its socket? What wonder if the sacred penmen, catching their inspiration from the light of that eternity, compare this life to a tale, a flood, a flower, a weaver's shuttle, the shadow of an

eagle's wing. And oh, when we consider the grand purpose and issue of life; that all eternity, so far as we are concerned, hangs upon and flows out of these fleeting days, how few they are! How little time have we to polish the jewels for an immortal crown, to weave the threads of that white robe which shall never wax old, to lay up sweet memories and cultivate pure affections, on which the soul may feast forever! And then, too, when we add the sorrowful reflection that we have hitherto done almost nothing in this great business, how it reduces life to a point of time, a moment's space! One day is given us, that its works may follow us in their multiplied results through everlasting days. Behold, with most of us the sun of that one day is already high in heaven; with many it is past meridian; with some it does but linger on the horizon for a little while, and the shadows of evening are even now stretched out; and yet we have scarcely begun to lay hold on eternal life.

3. *The days of life's pilgrimage are evil.* — They are evil because they are few. Life's brevity is the result and the evidence of the curse. The grave is the handwriting of God's judgment on a fallen world. Let infidels call death the "debt of Nature," and prate amid the sufferings and sorrows of this present world about the innocence of man's native character. They talk like blind men and fools. Nature, as it came from the

hand of a good Creator, never made such a monstrosity as death, never dug such a dark place as an infant's grave. It is not Nature but the *curse* that has done this, — a curse whose bitterness no effort of human skill or affection can neutralize. That cemetery is a pleasant place to ride through or meditate in, when the light falls softly upon the shaded graves, and wild music and sweet odors fill the air ; but it is not, and it never can be made a pleasant place to be carried to in a narrow coffin, to be laid in the damp ground, to moulder away in silence and gloom when the storm has scattered every leaf and the winter's moon looks coldly down on Earth's winding sheet of snow. We know the life that ends thus is evil, being under the curse. When we consider what omnipotent benevolence might do, if with that benevolence no offended justice were mingled ; when we think what man is in his noble endowments, and then what he is in the brevity and doom of his life, — we need no voice from heaven to convince us that "our days are passed away in God's wrath."

Moreover, we know they are evil, not only because they are thus cut short, but because they are full of trouble and grief while they are passing.

"Evil and few the patriarch said,  
And well the patriarch knew."

As he utters the words of the text, what memories crowd in upon him ! How abstracted his

look is. He does not see Pharaoh's purple and fine linen. His heart goes not after the rich pasture lands of Goshen. No! he is crossing the Jordan again, — a poor outcast young man, seeking his fortune, with no property but his staff. He is toiling again in the sheepcote of a hard-fisted father-in-law. He is trembling before the armed bands of Esau. He is vexed and oppressed by the jealousies and quarrels of his household. He is weeping over the bloody garments of a lost child. He stands mourning by the pillar he has set up on the grave of his beloved Rachel. Pressed by the importunities of a starving household, he is uttering again that bitter lamentation, "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; ye will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Yes! well the patriarch knew when he said, "*Evil* have the days of the years of my life been."

We need not dwell on the application of this saying to ourselves. Every heart knows its own bitterness. The widow and the orphan need no remembrancers. The child of adversity need not be reminded of the time when, amid sunshine and repose, suddenly the night shades gathered, and the storm came down. The mother need not be told of the daily vexations and cares of the domestic circle; nor the father reminded of the

anxiety for his own that urges on the treadmill of daily business; nor the rich man reproached with the unsatisfied desires and carking fears that make his prosperity profitless as Haman's, while he saw Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate. These are points for the illustration of which we are all eloquent and skilful. We may, therefore, safely leave them to your own reflection.

Let us beware, however, of such reflections as cultivate morbid and rebellious views of life. While on the one hand we avoid the mad frivolity which says, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," see to it that we do not sink into the despondency which neglects duty, and forgets to be thankful. Life is neither a dance nor a funeral procession. Rightly regarded, the fewness and the evil of our days will *moderate our affections whether of joy or of grief*. "This I say, brethren, the time is short; it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none, and they that weep as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and they that buy as though they possessed not; for the fashion of this world passeth away." You whose hearts are treasured up on a wife or husband or child, realize that your fellowship here can last only a few days. The broad seal of death is on all you love. You who groan under the burden of a weary life, rejoice that you have all your evil things now. Bear patiently

the sores of the body, and the griefs that stick like sharp arrows in the soul; for, though you be as wretched as Lazarus at the rich man's gate, the angels will soon come down and carry you to Abraham's bosom. Mourn not that the banquet of life is so brief, for you shall sit down soon under the banner of love, at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Weep not for the poor withered flowers of the earth, for you shall repose among the lilies on the mountains of spices.

And with this moderation of our earthly affections let there be also *sober and earnest views of the duties and purposes of life*. How weighty are those duties! How glorious those purposes! The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. Woman! you were endowed with all that wealth of intellect and affection for higher purposes than to doat on perishable things, and adorn your person with the wearing of gold and the putting on of apparel.

Man! that godlike reason and that imperious will were not given merely to struggle for riches that corrode and bread that perishes. Brief and evil as it is, life's purposes are high as heaven and glorious as eternity. To-morrow we die! But, blessed be God, while it is called to-day, all that is included in His glory and our salvation is within our reach.

Wherefore, girding up the loins of our mind, as we enter upon another period of time, *let us*

*thank God and take courage!* Thank Him for the benefits that have sustained and adorned our life, for the blessings of the family and the sanctuary; yea, even for the afflictions that have taken our beloved home to heaven, and weaned us from the seductions of a hollow-hearted world. Stimulated by grateful emotions, with our eye fixed on the end of our calling, and our hearts made strong by the faith of joys to come, let us —

“March with courage in his strength,  
To see our father God.”

And now, in conclusion, if the simple thoughts I have uttered have seemed too reproachful and sombre, my only excuse is, that this sermon was prepared, not in the preacher's head but in his heart. The application of the text he has made to you is but the faint echo of questionings in his own soul: How old art *thou*? What have you accomplished in this glorious ministry? What is the record time has written in the secret places of your memory? Lest I should appear to affect a voluntary humility, I will not tell of the small results which make the days past of this ministry seem so few; nor complain of the often infirmities which may make the remainder fewer still. Let me, rather, mingle my New Year's salutation with bright-faced memories and glorious hopes. For the Christian forbearance and kindness, the words of sympathy and good cheer, the substantial

tokens of affection which have lightened the burdens of another year's labor; for the air of solemn attention which now and always pervades this sanctuary; for the prayers in answer to which precious souls have been added to us at every successive communion season, — may God “supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ.” And now, for the trials and duties of another year may He be our guide and strength. Let faith in Him work by love. Let the bonds of peace that unite us grow sweeter and stronger. Let us forbear one another, and forgive one another, if any man have a quarrel against any. Let not the sun of the last Sabbath of the year go down upon any heart-burning or wrath within us; and if the first Sabbath of the new year find us in the sanctuary, may we present the acceptable offering of a united, zealous, loving people. And dwelling thus together in the unity of the Spirit, may we have the pledge and the foretaste of that fellowship above whose years shall have no end.



## THE PRE-EMINENCE AND POWER OF THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST OF NAZARETH.<sup>1</sup>

Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other : for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.— Acts iv. 10-12.

FATHERS AND BRETHREN,—The seed of the Word of God will fall to-day into good ground. An assembly of ministers and elders is a fit audience for man or angel. And there are peculiar elements of power in the occasion of our meeting. One great object of a General Assembly is to vivify the souls of its members, and from this fountain-head to send forth quickening influences through every artery of the Church. This is the grandest opportunity I shall ever have to preach the gospel. Strive with me in your prayers for grace to improve it. “Awake, O North wind, and

<sup>1</sup> A sermon preached at the opening of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in Farwell Hall, Chicago, May 17, 1877.

come thou South, blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out ! ”

The text asserts, and the context illustrates, as in a picture, *the pre-eminence and power of the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth*. The man who was lame from his mother's womb, and impotent for his own recovery, as he lies at the gate of the temple — his shrivelled limbs contrasting painfully with the strength and beauty of those exquisitely decorated pillars — is the type of our fallen human nature, as it lies distorted and defiled by sin amid the glories of the visible universe. This same man, walking and leaping and praising God in the temple, illustrates what human nature may become under the transforming power of that name which is above every name. And the explanation of this typical miracle given by the Apostle in our text is the gospel which we preach, wherein we stand, and by which we and our children will yet conquer and regenerate the world.

1. *The pre-eminence and power of the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth are manifest in the necessity for the gospel, and in its corresponding nature.* Two correlative words summarize the whole Bible, — *sin* and *salvation*. But our knowledge of these two things is not derived from the same source. There is a broad distinction between what is *revealed* and what is only *recorded* in Scripture. Salvation is revealed. It is pure light from heaven, gleaming out in the first prom-

ise concerning the woman's seed, and growing amid the shadows of the old dispensation, until, in the fulness of time, the dayspring from on high hath visited us. But sin is not revealed; it is only recorded. It was already in the world, and the consciousness of it was interwoven with human experience before salvation was proclaimed. The law (Rom. iii. 20), by which is the knowledge of sin, is written not only in the Bible, but is graven on the face of Nature and in the human heart. Its centre is the bosom of God, and its circumference is the harmony of the universe. Its line has gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world. There is no speech nor language where its voice is not heard. The light of Nature is as truly divine as the light of the gospel. All moral law is natural; all natural law is moral, in its application to intelligent creatures; and both are alike the expression of the divine will and the transcript of the divine nature. It is as much a law of Nature for the human mind to recognize God, for the human heart to feel the obligation of the creature to love and serve the Creator, for the human conscience to admonish and reprove men when they neglect that obligation, as it is for a planet to revolve around its central sun; and these intuitions can no more be argued out of the soul of man than the sunlight can be argued out of the solar system. Not merely the remembrance of sins, but lying

deeper than all external acts, the consciousness of *Sin* has interwoven itself with the religion, the civil and social institutions, the literature, and the language of mankind. Call it *original sin*, native depravity, inherent moral corruption, spiritual death, or generalize it into the terrible formula of the Apostle, "the carnal mind is enmity against God," — under whatever name it may be described, and by whatever theory it may be explained, it is not a revealed doctrine, but a universal and experimental fact, that all men have disobeyed the law of God, and that this disobedience is the result of a schism in their nature by which their inclinations are arrayed against "the work of the law written in their hearts" (Rom. ii. 15). The Scriptures assume this terrible fact. All their warnings, invitations, and promises are based upon it. All the rites prescribed in the Old Testament, and all the forms of worship recognized in the New, take it for granted. It lies at the foundation of all prayer. The sublime form of supplication taught in the Sermon on the Mount, beginning with the broadest recognition of God's fatherhood, puts into the lips of all men a confession of guilt, in the petition "forgive us our sins." Such a prayer would be foolishness in the mouth of a sinless being.

The direct assertions of the Scriptures to the same effect are explicit and unrestricted: "There is no man that sinneth not;" "The whole world

is guilty before God ;" " All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God ;" " If thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, who can stand ?" " In thy sight no man living shall be justified."

The most formal and elaborate argument of the Bible sustains these assertions. The Epistle to the Romans proves that both Jew and Gentile — that is to say, the whole human race — are " by nature children of wrath." It demonstrates that the origin of all false religions is a wilful corruption of the true. The abominations of the Gentile world are not the infant endeavors of natural piety struggling upward towards a more perfect development. They are the successive triumphs of sin, the successive stages of self-degradation, achieved by those who did not like to retain God in their knowledge, nor to glorify him as God, but, for the indulgence of their lusts, have extinguished, one by one, the broken lights of Paradise, and vilified and silenced in their own hearts the witness for the eternal power and godhead. " Wherefore," says the Apostle, — and there is no more weighty or awful conclusion in the whole compass of divine truth, — " for this cause God gave them up to vile affections, who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever: *so that they are without excuse.*" And if the whole heathen world are without excuse, much more are the Jews who have rejected their own Messiah,

and the unbelieving in Christian lands who have "loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

The recognition of these facts in human experience, and these plain Scripture testimonies, is not peculiar to the Presbyterian Church, nor to the Westminster Confession of Faith. The traditions of the Christian Fathers, and the uniform teaching of the Church of Rome, are in unison with them. In the early Protestant Confessions, whether Lutheran or Reformed, there is no difference on this subject. And at this day the universal sinfulness and guilt of men is incorporated as a fundamental doctrine in every evangelical creed of Christendom. Perhaps the most comprehensive summary of Christian doctrine on this subject is found in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which declare that original sin is "the fault and corruption of the nature of every one that is naturally engendered of the off-spring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil; and, therefore, *in every person that is born into the world, it deserves God's wrath and damnation.*"

Now we set up these universal facts of experience and consciousness, these unequivocal declarations of Scripture, these harmonious testimonies of all Christian creeds against the notion that a knowledge and rejection of Christ are

necessary to the condemnation of men, and that there is in the divine mercy some way of salvation aside from that which is revealed in the gospel. Such notions are prevalent not only in the speculations of unbelievers, — they are creeping into the heart of the Church, eclipsing her faith, and paralyzing her zeal; they contradict the plainest declarations of Scripture; they belittle the grace of God in the gift of a Saviour, and make the blood of the everlasting Covenant an unnecessary thing; they deny the nature of the gospel as a purely remedial system adapted to the wants of all mankind; they tarnish the pre-eminence and restrict the power of the Saviour's name as the full revelation of God's redeeming love; they sever the command to preach the gospel to every creature from the divine purpose of salvation, and from the express condition, "He that believeth shall be saved," and make it a mere arbitrary requirement, enforced by no motive that can kindle the zeal of those who are to execute it. Nay, more: they array against that command the strongest affections of the human heart. For if men are not condemned already in sin, without the gospel, it is the refinement of cruelty to preach Christ to the heathen, and it would be the part of wisdom to withhold the knowledge of his name from our children. If we dare to assume at all the responsibility of disputing the plain meaning of Scripture, let us run the risk of disobeying a precept

which we have rendered doubtful, by taking away the most effectual motive for obedience, rather than force upon our fellow-creatures a knowledge which will, to multitudes, be the sure ground of condemnation. Better to leave them all, in their supposed innocence, to the uncovenanted mercies of God.

But thanks to His name, we are not shut up to this hard alternative, — either to disobey Christ, or to bring guilt upon our fellow-men. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn it, as those who hold these notions would have us believe. The world *was* condemned already.

On the dark background of natural religion, by which all men are tried and found guilty, the glorious gospel shines resplendent. Jesus Christ is not *a* light, but *the* light of the world, without which there is no deliverance from the power of darkness. “He that hath the Son, hath life; he that hath not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.” God has laid at the foundation of all revealed theology, and of all Christian effort, that Stone which foolish builders have rejected, and has graven upon it this indelible inscription: “Neither is there salvation in any other, — for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.”

2. *The pre-eminence and power of the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth are apparent in the Biblical history of that name.* It is not a mere



collection of arbitrary titles, but the embodiment and gradual unfolding of the divine nature and purpose; it is at once the root and the offspring, the germ and the fruit, of all Revelation. God, the *Elohim*, created the heavens and the earth; but the *Lord God*, *Jehovah Elohim*, entered into covenant with man. This new name (Ex. vi. 3) runs through and characterizes the Old Testament economy, until its last prophet proclaims the promise, "The Lord [*Jehovah*] whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in" (Mal. iii. 1). The New Testament revelations begin with the fulfilment of the promise that closes the Old. Jesus is the human name of the Covenant Angel, and He adorned it for thirty years with the light and sweetness of His human obedience. But no sooner does He enter upon His public ministry, than His glory shines forth, and His name is correspondingly developed. In the synagogue at Nazareth He claims to be the Anointed of God; and from that time, His words, penetrating like light into the souls of His disciples, evoke the recognition of His nature and His mission. Andrew declares, "We have found the *Messias*, which is, being interpreted, *the Christ*," and Philip confirms the testimony. Nathanael falls down before Him, and says, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel." The woman of Samaria, for whose salvation He

thirsted more than for the water of Jacob's well, when He had opened in her soul a fountain springing up to everlasting life, exclaims, "Is not this the Christ?" Peter falls prostrate at His feet, crying out, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" and "No man can call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." Now He is not only *Jesus*,—that is but the human side, and the smallest part of His name,—he is Jesus *the Christ*; and to them that believe, "*Our Lord Jesus Christ*." That name is above every name. It translates the ineffable name of Jehovah into human speech, and interprets it to human hearts. In it are deposited all the treasures of divine wisdom and love,—all the fulness of God. "It is above all the powers of magical enchantments, the nightly rites of sorcerers, the secrets of Memphis, the drugs of Thessaly, the silent and mysterious murmurs of the wise Chaldees, the spells of Zoroasters. At this name devils tremble, and pay their enforced and involuntary adorations; by it the blessed Apostles, and all the lesser lights that followed hard after the Son of Righteousness, wrought signs and wonders. It is the name that satisfies the hopes of the world, and graven on the hearts and mingling with the worship of men, opens the windows of heaven to rain down beatitudes on the earth."<sup>1</sup> It runs through and unifies all Scripture. It concentrates and harmonizes

<sup>1</sup> Jeremy Taylor.

all divine attributes, all human virtues, all beautiful objects, all precious things of time and eternity. It is compounded, like the ointment of the sanctuary, of all sweet spices and costly perfumes. Like the breastplate of the high priest, it is weighty with gold, and "ardent with gems oracular." It embodies the expressed essence of a thousand titles, by which all that is glorious and amiable in God or man, in heaven or earth, is appropriated to Him, and sanctified by that divine altar is woven into the thought, the alphabet, the language, the minstrelsy, and the theology of Christian experience.

He is the Advocate of sinners, the Angel of the Covenant, the Author and Finisher of Faith, the Alpha and Omega of all human hopes. He is the Brightness of the Father's glory, the Bridegroom of the Church, the Bishop of souls, the Bread of heaven, the Beloved of God, of men, and of angels. He is the Covenant, the Counsellor, the Cornerstone, the Covert, the Captain of salvation, the Desire of all nations, the Elect of God, the Emmanuel, the Everlasting Father, the Eternal life, the Fountain of living waters, the First Born among many brethren, the First Begotten from the dead. He is God over all, blessed forever, the Head of the Church, the Husband, the Heritage, the Habitation of His people, the Judge and King of saints and angels.

He is the Light, the Life, the Leader and Law-

giver of men, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, the Mediator and Messenger of the new covenant, the Messiah of all the prophets, and the Morning Star of the everlasting day. He is the Only Begotten of the Father, the root and Offspring of David. He is the Prophet, the Priest, the Prince of peace, the Propitiation for sin, the Physician of souls, the Power of God unto salvation. He is the Rock, the Refuge, the Ransom, the Righteousness and Resurrection of all who shall ever be saved. He is the Son of God and of man, the Seed of the woman, the Shiloh, the Surety and Shield, the Sacrifice and Sanctuary, the Sanctification and the Sun of all the saints. He is the Truth, the Treasure, the Teacher, the Temple, the incarnate Wisdom, the Way, the faithful and true Witness; in short, He is the **VERY WORD OF GOD**. In His name all divine revelations are summarily comprehended.

The first verse of the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," is expanded by the experience of patriarchs, the predictions of prophets, the songs of inspired minstrels, by all the revelations and theophanies of the Old Testament, and by all the doctrines, promises, and fulfilments of the New, into the last verse, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." And the crown of the climax, the keystone of the whole radiant arch

that encircles the throne, is described in the opening of that Gospel which is most redolent of the bosom of Christ, and breathes most intimately of his mysteries: "The Word, which was in the beginning *with* God and *was* God, became flesh and dwelt among us."

3. *The pre-eminence and power of the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth are manifest in the constitution of his Person.* The incarnation of the Son of God is the most stupendous fact in the history of the universe. It is the miracle of miracles, before whose sublime infinitude all other revealed wonders shrink into comparative nothingness, and after which all other hard doctrines are easy to be believed. It is *the* mystery of godliness, in which all other mysteries are absorbed and solved, even as the candlelights of the earth and the starlights of heaven are overshadowed by the brightness of the sun. This it is that makes his name Wonderful. This is the foundation God has laid in Zion, and calls upon men and angels to behold,—the elect, tried, and precious stone, rejected of men, but made in the divine plan and in human experience, the head of the corner. And that which demonstrates this stupendous fact as the power of God unto salvation, is the revealed purpose that Jesus Christ should come in the flesh to be "the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." Before this mystery, "which in other ages was not made

known unto the sons of men as it is now revealed unto his holy prophets and apostles by the Spirit, that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of his promise in Christ by *the gospel*, to the intent that now unto principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known *by the Church* the manifold wisdom of God," — before this divine plan, for the execution of which the preaching of the gospel and the agency of the Church are declared to be essential, the speculations of men as to what God might have done or may yet do for the salvation of sinners are a *sublime impertinence*. Ye take too much upon yourselves, ye pygmies, when ye attempt with your tapers to quench the eye of the sun. Among the human builders there are none whose speech is so utterly confounded, and whose wisdom is more manifestly taken in their own craftiness, than those who undertake to rewrite the life of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, to explain His mission, and the confessed power of His name, omitting the recognition of His deity, His vicarious sacrifice, and the cleansing power of His atoning blood. Regarded simply as a man and a teacher, He is a bundle of contradictions; and the conception of His character by men who, according to these infidels, were not only uninspired, but false, stands among the monuments of the world's literature, a mystery more incredible than the incarnation itself. For while we are not com-

petent to set limits to the Almighty, we *do* know what man can do ; and we know that no uninspired and deceitful man could have drawn this consistent portraiture of the *incarnate God*. It is only when we add to the human name and nature of Jesus the divine attributes and purposes of which the angels sang when they declared him to be "a Saviour who is Christ the Lord" (Luke ii. 11), that we can apprehend the truth and grace which shine out in all His recorded ministry, or the power with which the story of His life comes home to the universal heart. For He did not take a Jew, nor even a man into union with Himself. The word "became flesh ;" He assumed our whole nature, not as it is ruined and diversified by sin, but as it was in its original and essential elements, in its unison with itself and with God ; so that in Him there might be neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free ; even as the song of His nativity which filled and overflowed the heavens, is destined to cover the earth with the ever-swelling tide of its celestial melodies : "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good-will towards men."

4. *The pre-eminence and power of the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth are manifest in the offices that name describes, and for the execution of which He is qualified by the constitution of His Wonderful Person.* The truth as it is in Jesus is many-sided, and must be apprehended in its

adaptation to all the faculties and wants of our nature, before it can be in us a full salvation. In the appeals to mere emotion excited by the spectacle of the cross, and in the parrot-like reiteration of "Come to Jesus," which constitutes so much of our modern preaching, there is reason to fear that His glory is obscured and many souls deceived. When *He* says, "Come unto me," He invites only those who are heavy laden under the burden of sin, and lays down explicitly the conditions of the promised rest: "Take my *yoke* upon you and *learn* of me." It would be no salvation just to pardon a sinner and let him go wandering through eternity with his nature unrenovated. Men are under the dominion as well as under the condemnation of sin. They need the instruction and the authority, as well as the vicarious sacrifice of a divine Redeemer. There is no such thing as an ignorant or a disobedient faith. The Cross of Christ is of no avail without His yoke; and the blood of Christ cleanses only those who walk in His light. The saving power of His name pervades all His offices.

He is that prophet whose coming Moses predicted, and for whose teaching he challenged an absolute credence. "Every soul which will not hear that prophet shall be destroyed from among the people." His instructions precede and prepare the way for the effectual application of His sacrifice. His utterances, free from all the nar-



rowness of His human birth and education, are as universal in their adaptation to human consciousness, as the dewdrops of the morning or the sunlight that impearls them on every leaf, are to the human senses. They authenticate themselves by their very breadth and spirituality. The words He speaks are spirit and they are life. His hints are sunbeams, and the pointing of His fingers gleams of lightning. Never man spake like this man. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand forever." When the voice of nature cries, —

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,  
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;  
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,  
Thou madest man he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die:  
And thou hast made him; thou art just,"

the incarnate word answers his challenge: "My sheep hear my voice, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

This prophet is also the great high priest, fulfilling in His person and sacrifice all that was typified in the altars of the patriarchs and of the Aaronic priesthood, and answering the longing of the universal heart of man after a satisfaction for sin with which to appear before God. The

enmity of the carnal mind toward God consists in the consciousness of alienation from Him. It is begotten of a guilty fear, and can be overcome only by removing the ground of that fear. The cross and passion of Christ have slain the enmity, and broken down the middle wall of partition, not only between Jew and Gentile, but between God and man, by furnishing to the heart the evidence of divine love, and to the understanding and conscience the legal ground on which God can be just and yet justify them that believe. He reconciles man to God, as well as God to man. And so by the one offering of Himself this great high priest has both satisfied divine justice, and forever perfected them that are sanctified.

Moreover, our Lord Jesus Christ is king. His royal power underlies and gives efficacy to his prophetic and priestly offices. He had power to lay down His life and take it again; and now, because He was faithful unto death, He has "power over all flesh, to give eternal life to as many as the Father has given Him; and this is eternal life, that they might know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." His royalty was not tarnished by the mock robe and the thorny crown. When Pilate, writing better than he knew, set up the inscription, "Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews," in the three great languages of the world, upon the Cross, planted at the confluence of the world's three great civilizations, he

proclaimed the pre-eminence and power of the name that shall endure forever, until all nations call him blessed. For he is not a Jew who is one outwardly, but they who are Christ's are Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise.

These offices of Christ impart a divine efficacy to the facts of His death and resurrection. He died as a prophet and martyr to confirm His testimony. We do not relinquish that truth to those who deny his Deity and sacrifice. He died as a king to conquer death, and him that hath the power of it, and show that the way to honor and immortality is through suffering and death. He died as a priest, that by His precious blood he might redeem and purify unto Himself a peculiar people. He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. He ascended up on high leading captivity captive, and giving gifts unto men, and chief among these gifts are the divine influences which secure the triumph of the gospel. "Therefore, being at the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the gift of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear."

In the facts of Christ's death and resurrection the whole redeeming work of God, the whole efficacy of the Saviour's offices, the whole power of His great name are concentrated and revealed. These facts constitute, according to Paul's declaration, "*the* gospel, — which ye have received

and wherein ye stand," — "that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures, and rose again the third day according to the scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 1, 4).

It is upon these facts that the Father's ineffable complacency and delight in the only begotten Son are centred. "Therefore doth my Father love me because I lay down my life that I might take it again." And no man can accept and appropriate the story of Christ's death and resurrection, in their vital connection with His divine Person and offices, without entering into the fellowship of the Father's Love. At the cross and the tomb, sin and salvation are brought face to face. They are perfect counterparts : the greatness of the one illustrating the magnitude of the other.

"Philosophers have measured mountains,  
Fathomed the depths of seas, of States, of kings,  
Walked with a staff to heaven, and traced fountains;  
But there are two vast, spacious things,  
The which to measure it doth more behooove,  
Yet few there be that sound them — *Sin and Love.*

"Who would know sin, let him repair  
To Mount Olivet : there shall he see a man,  
So wrung with pain that all his hair,  
His skin, his garments bloody be;  
Sin is that press and vice that forceth pain,  
To seek his cruel food through every vein.

"Who would know *Love*, let him essay  
To taste that juice which on the cross

A pike did set abroad ; then let him say  
If ever he did taste the like.  
*Love* is that liquor sweet and most divine,  
Which my God feels as blood, but I as wine."

5. *The pre-eminence and power of the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth are manifest in all true preaching of the gospel.* Herein the whole plan of salvation is completed and made efficacious, in the sublime co-working of divine and human agency. The power of God unto salvation is not some esoteric purpose hereafter to be revealed. It resides in the gospel, that is, in the open proclamation of the truth as it is in Jesus, and demonstrates itself in them that believe. "*All power,*" says the ascending Saviour, "is given unto me. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." Now, "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed the word of reconciliation unto us, His ambassadors." "It pleaseth Him to save them that believe;" and that not by some unknown method, but by what the wisdom of the world esteems "the foolishness of preaching." So the apostles understood it; and because they believed, therefore have they spoken. When the Jewish council, unable to deny that a notable miracle had been wrought, yet anxious that it should spread no further among the people, strictly charged them to speak no more to any man in this name, they answered,

"We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard." Wherein consisted their inability to keep silence? Doubtless they were constrained by loyalty to Christ. He had commanded them to preach, and "they must obey God rather than men." But their loyalty ran much deeper than the external commandment. It was but another name for a divine sympathy and oneness with Him. Their obedience was synonymous with love. That divine love, whether it stirs the deep fountains of the Saviour's heart, or flows out through the members of His mystical body, the Church, must ever have lost sinners for its object; and just in proportion as its constraining power is felt, it must oblige us to preach the gospel to every creature, — not merely because He has commanded us to do so, but because we have the mind of Christ, in His abhorrence of sin, in His zeal for the Father's glory, in His regard for the divine law, in His apprehension of the guilt and condemnation of men, and in His tender pity for the perishing. The apathy of professing Christians to the claims of the great missionary work of the Church, whether at home or abroad, can be accounted for only on the supposition of a lurking infidelity in regard either to the perishing condition of men by nature, or to the sufficiency of the gospel of Christ as God's wisdom and power unto salvation. These two fundamental truths being conceded, there is no escape from

the Apostle's logic : " Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed ? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard ? And how shall they hear without a preacher ? And how shall they preach except they be sent ? "

The true model of a Christian preacher is presented in the person of Paul as he stands on Mars Hill. He paused not to indulge his artistic tastes amid that wilderness of statues and temples ; but looking beneath the polished exterior to the moral pollution which it covered, and beyond to the divine spirituality and holiness which it insulted, his spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city given to idolatry. The skill of Phidias and Praxiteles, the speculations of Stoic and Epicurean, could not blind his eyes to the curse of God which rested on those who had changed his glory into an image made like to corruptible man. He had no time to discuss philosophy. He was God's ambassador to make proclamation of his truth. He recapitulates the doctrines of natural religion ; appeals to the universal consciousness of men ; convicts all of sin out of their own mouth ; and then presents to all the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, crucified and raised up from the dead, as the embodied wisdom and mercy of God for man's salvation. When will His Church come back to the imitation

of this inspired example? When will the follies by which so many preachers amuse, and the speculations by which others befog the people, give place to the simple, sublime proclamation of the gospel? We are spending too much time and treasure on our defences, and too little in open warfare upon the kingdom of darkness, with the weapons prepared by God, and tested by experience; too much in philosophizing about the gospel, and too little in preaching the gospel itself. Even our evidences are too apologetic. The Word of God is its own best evidence. Its warnings ring on the human conscience like the clash of a scimitar on a brazen shield; its promises of pardon and eternal life through a crucified Saviour come home to the heart as the light of heaven breaking through the gates of the morning. The works of grace are as immortal as grace itself. No prayer for the coming of Christ's kingdom, no honest word uttered in the preaching of the gospel, no gift bestowed in the true spirit of self-sacrifice, can ever be lost. The power of the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth lies behind them all. If we had any adequate sympathy with the travail of Christ's soul, we would feel also the attractive and constraining power of His cross, and share His anticipations of triumph. *Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation; now is the *crisis* of the world, and Jesus Christ, lifted up, is drawing all men unto



Him. To realize the prophetic vision with which He was satisfied as the shadows of the cross fell upon His soul, and fulfil that joy for which He endured the cross and despised the shame, is the one grand mission of the Church. And never can she accomplish this mission until she rises above all local, political, and temporal entanglements, and addresses herself to her appointed work, in the full apprehension of the two great factors in the problem to be solved,—man a guilty and lost sinner, and God revealed in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the only and all-sufficient Saviour.

O precious name ! The soul impregnated with its divine light and sweetness labors to bring forth some adequate expression of its fulness. O mighty Saviour ! Man of man, Light of light, very God of very God ! His coming glory filled all the vision of the prophetic ages. His incarnate love has kindled the song of all the Christian centuries. Cherubim and Seraphim adore Him. The goodly fellowship of the prophets hail Him. The glorious company of the apostles worship Him. The noble army of martyrs crown Him with their praises. The whole creation, groaning and travailing in pain together until now, longs for His salvation. The isles wait for His law. The troubled sea is moaning on every shore for the stillness of His voice. The thirsty wilderness pants for the dew of His grace. Our hearts,

touched with the fire of His love, are burning to make Him known. For never can the sack-cloth be torn from these heavens, nor the curse be removed from this earth, until His glory is fully revealed.

Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O most Mighty, and ride forth in Thy majesty. Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power. This General Assembly of the first-born and all Thy sacramental host will follow Thee to the ends of the earth.

We have blazoned Thy great name upon our banner; and we swear, so help us God, to plant it as a beacon-light on every shore, till from every mountain and plain, every hill-top and valley, there goes up the glad acclaim, "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

"I'll speak the honor of Thy name  
With my last laboring breath;  
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,  
The Antidote of death."

## THE INNER LIFE.<sup>1</sup>

Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment ?

MATTHEW vi. 25.

THE question of the text answers itself. The form in which it is put makes it a strong affirmation that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment. This statement admits of two interpretations.

It may mean that life and the body in which it resides are greater *gifts from God* than the food which nourishes the one, or the clothing that protects the other. And, therefore, He who has given us the greater will not suffer it to fail for want of the less. Or it may mean that while meat and raiment are necessary for the body and for the life that resides in it, they are not the first and chief necessities. The life is meat, but it is more than meat. The body is raiment, but it is *more* than raiment. And, therefore, the most important questions which press upon us for practical solution are not " what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Van Dyke's last sermon, preached in the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, May 24, 1891.

clothed?" There are other questions which ought to have a continual precedence in our minds, and to the answering of which our chief efforts should be directed. This is the most comprehensive and the truest interpretation. It brings the text into line with many other scriptures; as, for instance, the saying quoted by Christ in the temptation in the wilderness, "It is written man shall not live by bread alone" or His own declaration, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses," or His message from heaven, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed and that the shame of thy nakedness may not appear."

The text finds an echo in every soul conscious of its divine origin and immortal destiny. There is no disciple in the school of Christ who does not admit and feel its force. And yet, alas! how prone we all are in our practice to forget it. We need to come continuously to the mount of instruction, to sit down at the feet of Christ, to shut out the clamors of the world and of our own carnal lusts, and fill ourselves anew with the light and sweetness of His life-giving words. Let us try to do this to-day.

I. Nothing more profoundly impresses a devout observer and gives him a deeper sense of the eternal power and godhead than the infinite

variety and exuberance of life in every part and element of the world around us. If you go into the depth of the summer forest and sit down, at first the stillness is oppressive. You can hear only the beating of your own heart, and you seem to be alone in the universe. But as you sit still and listen, the note of an unseen bird rings out clear and sweet from its leafy covert; a squirrel peeps over a bough and chatters at you; a bee laden with honey darts by, straight and swift as an arrow, to its cell; the bark of the tree against which you lean becomes populous with curious insects; and at your feet a community of ants march like an army, or toil as those who are building a city. As you think of these multitudes of creatures crowded into a little nook of the forest, you are reminded that it is the same everywhere. The air and the earth swarm with living things. Every leaf has its inhabitants: every drop of water is populous. The many-colored fire that flashes from the prow or sparkles in the wake of a vessel at night in a summer sea, or drips from the oar in strings of jewelled light, is the product of untold millions of living creatures. You know that none of these, whether great or small, comes from spontaneous generation; that nothing but life can beget life; that however far back the successive generations may reach, the ultimate source of all is the eternal God who only has life in Himself. You may not be able to

understand fully why He should have created this infinite variety, this overflowing abundance. You may not be able to trace out the particular purpose in the economy of Nature or of Providence which this or that species is intended to accomplish, but in the works of intelligent design, the exquisite mechanism, and the nice adaptation to outward conditions which belong alike to the greatest and the smallest creature, you can see the evidence that in wisdom He has made them all.

And in life itself, whether it pulsates in the limbs of the noblest beast, or quivers in the gauzy wings of the tiniest insect, you can see a mystery and a miracle which you can neither comprehend nor imitate. Man, out of materials furnished to his hand, can make dead things; but he cannot make living things. He can construct mighty and exquisite machinery to which power can be applied from without, but he cannot make any machinery that is self moving. He can carve statues and paint pictures, combining and enhancing by the combination the symmetry and beauty of all external objects; but he cannot kindle the cold marble into conscious being, nor irradiate and vocalize the canvas with thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Life, not its coloring, not its form, not its setting, but *life itself* is God's precious jewel which we can neither analyze nor imitate.

Moreover you can readily see that this mystery and miracle of life finds its highest earthly development in the person of man, — in the conscious being that dwells in your own body. We need waste no time on the metaphysical question whether the *principle of life* is the same in a man and in an insect. This we know, — that whether life in us is the same or different we have endowments and destinies, and therefore obligation and privileges which lift us far above all other earthly creatures. The Saviour appeals without argument to this intuitive belief, this universal consciousness, when, pointing to the birds of the air in whom mere animal life has its most beautiful, most joyous, and freest development, he says, "Are ye not much better than they?" We cannot think of any form of life more exempt from care than that of a swallow skimming the summer fields and streams, and outrunning the speed of steam in his flight to tropic climes at the first blast of winter, and finding everywhere a comfortable home and abundance of food. We cannot picture to ourselves anything more exuberant in its gladness than the life of a skylark, soaring and singing at the gates of the morning, or of a robin reflecting from its bosom the ruddy hues of the sunset and filling the evening twilight with liquid melodies. We cannot imagine anything in physical life more grand and free than that of an eagle looking down

from his mountain pinnacle upon the wrinkled sea, or soaring up towards the sun and kindling his undazzled eye at the very fountain of heavenly radiance.

And yet we know that we are much better than they! Much better in regard to the very things in which we seem to be inferior. We cannot fly through the open firmament of heaven and look down upon the panorama of the earth; but our thoughts can wander swifter than lightning through eternity; our souls, by faith, can mount upon wings as eagles, and the eye of our intelligence can look on Him of whom the light is but a shadow and the stars the dust of His chariot wheels. We are not arrayed like the lilies; our garments do not grow on us like the feathers of a bird, or the soft fur of an arctic animal. We came naked into life and must be clothed all our days by toil and spinning.

Our Heavenly Father does not feed us as He does the birds without sowing or reaping or gathering into barns. But just because we are under the necessity and have the ability to weave the plumage of birds, and the peltry of beasts, and the fibres of plants into garments, and by our husbandry in seedtime and harvest can bring out of the earth all the precious fruits that are nourished by the dew and ripened by the sun, we know that we are much better than the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and that the



faculties by which they are subordinated to our use are intended for higher ends than to obtain the food and raiment which they have without toil or spinning. The endowment which gives us the mastery over them were not designed to bring us down to their level, and make us think only or chiefly of the things which are theirs *without* taking thought. Better to be without the *power* of thinking than to possess and prostitute it by devoting it to our table or our wardrobe. Better to be dumb than to be always speaking of what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Better to be a beast than not to realize and prove in our daily experience that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment.

II. Let us inquire more specifically why and in what respects this is true. Of course there is nothing new to be offered on the subject. We can only refresh our memory and fortify our faith with truths which are familiar, but at the same time precious as the air and the sunlight.

1. Let me remind you that the body to which food and clothing are so necessary is the temporary dwelling-place of an immortal soul. It is written in the book of Genesis that "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." That image did not consist in any bodily similitude; for God is a spirit. Hence it is written again, "The Lord God formed man

of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." This does not mean, as some have vainly imagined, that God imparted a portion of Himself to man ; for He is a spirit, and cannot be divided, neither can His infinite attributes be separated from any particle of His substance ; but it does mean that the human soul is a creature of God, made in His intellectual and moral likeness, and endowed above all creatures on earth. Moreover, it means that the soul is a unit, even as God is ; that it is not composed of separate members, as the body is ; that what we call its faculties are only names for what the one living agent can do ; that the whole soul thinks, remembers, reasons, loves, and wills. What you call your memory is nothing but your soul when it remembers. Your will is not free in the sense of being separate from and independent of your other faculties ; but your whole soul as an individual agent is free in willing. And, furthermore, this record of man's creation teaches us that the soul, being a finite spirit, yet nevertheless like God in its intellectual and moral attributes, and being superadded and identified with the body so that the whole man became a living soul, imparts to the body all its peculiar value and excellence. There are birds and beasts which, regarded simply as physical organisms, are stronger and more beautiful than the mere body of any

man or woman. An idiot, in whom the soul is wanting or dormant, is the least attractive of all living things. From all which it follows that the soul, which can neither eat food nor wear clothes, was intended to dominate the body and subordinate all carnal appetites and wants to its spiritual needs. These simple truths pervade all Scripture ; they make the teaching of it luminous with the clear shining of the sun ; they come home to human consciousness ; and their testimony is that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment.

2. Let me remind you again that even in this world, and in our human relations, life has higher enjoyments than eating and drinking, more resplendent beauties than the clothing of the body, nobler occupations than the low-thoughted care that is anxious and troubled about food and raiment. Christ points us to the lilies of the field, and says, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these ;" and in our better moments we all feel the truth of the saying. Peter, speaking of the holy women who trusted in God, tells us their "adorning" was not the wearing of gold or the putting on of apparel, but the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is a great reward. This does not condemn the decent adornment of the body ; but it reminds us that no outward wearing of gold or putting on of apparel can make amends for

the neglect of that adornment which is in the hidden man of the heart ; and we all know, by observation, if not by experience, that a supreme attention to the one always restrains and chastens the other. The Son of man came eating and drinking. His first miracle was wrought at a marriage feast. John the Baptist, with his raiment of camel's hair and his diet of locusts and wild honey, is not the noblest type of living. But we are in no danger of imitating him too closely ; our danger is in the direction of perverting Christ's social example into a forgetfulness of His precepts. We all know that there are pleasures of the mind infinitely above those of the palate and the stomach ; that plain living and high thinking are often intimate and delightful friends ; that Mary's choice is better and more enduring than Martha's much serving ; that a feast which consists chiefly of table furniture and long, weary hours of eating and drinking is not wholesome for mind or body, — and yet no amount of knowledge on these points will deliver us from the dominion of the flesh, unless we are made to feel the powers of the world to come.

3. Let me therefore remind you that this life is a preparation for eternity. We often say, and still oftener think, that it is a solemn and awful thing to die. But I tell you nay : dying is nothing ; living is everything. To die is but to close the dim eye of sense, to stop the beating of the

weary heart, and come out from the limitations and burdens of the perishable body, which is our earthly house. In itself considered, the dissolution of the body differs nothing from the changing of an autumn leaf, the closing of a flower at eventide, or the falling asleep of a child in its mother's arms. All that can render it blessed or miserable depends upon the anticipation of what lies beyond, and what lies beyond depends upon the past as it is perpetuated in the ever-living present. We die daily. With the close of every day we close a chapter in the imperishable record of our life; we finish a pattern in the garment, whether of light or of darkness, we are weaving continually for the everlasting vesture of our souls; we place a new layer on the walls or a new decoration in the chambers of that house we are building in our own character for an eternal dwelling-place; and the only difference between the sleep of every night which is followed by the waking of every morning and that last sleep whose waking is in eternity, is that the latter cuts us off from the opportunity to correct mistakes or repair wrongdoing, and stamps the whole result of our probation with the indelible legend, *It is finished.* If death ends all, then "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The folly of that gluttonous and drunken song is not in the inference, but in the false philosophy on which it is based. But if the childhood of time will determine the man-

hood of eternity, and the passing moments of the present color all the infinite future, then, in the name of God and of the living soul He has breathed into us, let us remember every day we live that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment.

4. Once more let me remind you that life is the time in which to glorify God and begin the enjoyment of Him forever. This is the chief end for which we were made, and to which all our endowments are adapted as the wings of a bird are adapted to flying.

“ The soul that rises in us, our life’s star,  
Has had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.”

The recognition of God as our source and centre, and the pursuit of happiness in and through His glory as our being’s end and aim, is the only way to redeem life from its littleness, to escape from the painful sense of its vanity, and make its brief days seem other than “a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.” What though our life on earth is but “the twinkle of a star in God’s eternal day,”—if it shines here, though only for a night, with the reflection of His glory, and when it sets from these visible heavens

rises again to shine forever in the light of His presence, it is enough. It is true, as the poet says, that "we live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." But there is a truth still more profound,—that deeds and thoughts and feelings are noblest and most enduring when they cling not to the earth, but climb up like a fruitful vine on the walls of God's Church, and beyond this, on the trellis of the divine purposes and promises, to exhale their fragrance and ripen their clusters in the presence of the King in His beauty. The meanest occupations of the briefest life, the plainest food and the homeliest raiment, have something divine in their texture and eternal in their results, when they are wrought in God, and seasoned by His grace, and interwoven with the mystic threads of holiness to the Lord. The life thus connected, drawing its inspiration from a world to come, and reaching out its tendrils to eternal ages, is indeed more than meat; and the body, in which it lives and moves, is more than raiment. It has the meat Christ ate which the world knows not of. It is clothed in Christ's vesture, woven without seam throughout,—a garment which will not wax old, but will become as His did on the mount of transfiguration, "shining exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them." He who lives such a

life, though it be in the humblest sphere, may sing with the understanding and the heart:—

“ We are living, we are dwelling,  
In a grand and awful time,  
In an age to ages telling, —  
To be living is sublime.”

The text we have attempted to expound lies in the Saviour's discourse, like a precious jewel in an exquisite setting. Its deep light flashes into prismatic colors upon precepts and promises and illustrations such as man never spake. There is not time to expound and apply them. And perhaps any elaborate attempt would only darken the crystalline clearness of the words, and the luminous transparency of the thought; for who can paint the lily, adorn the rainbow or unravel the light. I can do little more than simply to repeat the Saviour's words which are spirit and life.

(a) The immediate connection with the text is the admonition, “Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on.” We give the true rendering: “Be not anxious,”—take no distrustful, unbelieving, all-absorbing thought about food and raiment; indulge not a disquieting and tormenting care, which hurries the mind hither and thither, and hangs it in suspense, and separates it alike from God and from the enjoyment of His temporal and spiritual gifts.

(b) Then follows the familiar and even beau-



tiful illustration drawn from the lilies which neither toil nor spin, and from the birds which our Heavenly Father feeds.

(c) Then comes the positive and far-reaching precept to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. This is the secret of all right-thinking and good-living, — the keynote of a life in harmony with the soul's endowments and with God's purposes concerning it.

(d) And then covering and crowning all is the promise that all these things, after which the Gentiles seek, and about which we are tempted to be of a doubtful mind, "shall be added unto us." This promise must not be separated from its connections. It is the blossom and fruit of the Saviour's doctrine and precept. It is not addressed to those who attempt to live like a bird or a flower; nor to those who forget God and their own souls, and live only to eat and drink and wear clothes, — but to those who sow and reap, toil and spin, and at the same time seek first the kingdom of God, and trust Him who clothes the lilies of the field, and feeds the fowls of the air.

And now my dear people, with this promise as a bond and a memorial between us, I take leave of you for a season. It grieves me to leave you. But wherever we go, let us believe that God has for us a further work, and a further ministry of love for one another; and let us gather strength

from the scenes of life for joyful and helpful service. Let this hope reconcile us to the brief separation. Let me say good-by, which being interpreted, means "God be with you." May He be with us all, and teach us to understand and prove by experience that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment.

# **CONGREGATIONAL MEETING.**

**MAY 20, 1891.**



## CONGREGATIONAL MEETING.

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### MINUTES OF A MEETING

OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
HELD WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 1891.

PURSUANT to a notice duly given from the pulpit on Sunday, May 17, a meeting of the Church and congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn was held in the Lecture Room, on Wednesday evening, May 20, 1891.

Rev. J. D. Wells, D.D., acted as moderator.

The meeting was opened with singing by the congregation; reading of Scripture (Acts xxi. 1-14); prayer by the moderator, and remarks by the moderator, explaining the object of the meeting and usual order of proceedings.

On motion, W. C. Kellogg was appointed secretary of the meeting.

A communication from the Session was read by the secretary as follows:—

BROOKLYN, May 8, 1891.

*To the Session of the Second Presbyterian Church:—*

It is known to you that the Board of Directors of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, have

unanimously elected me to the vacant chair of Systematic Theology in that institution. This call comes to me not only unsought, but as a great surprise. For many years past my mind has rested with sweet content in the full persuasion that I would finish my life-work among the dear people I have loved and served so long, and whose devotion to me seems to have grown with every passing year. I cannot contemplate the severance of such relations without the keenest grief, and God only knows how I shall be able to bear the separation when it comes. Nothing could induce me to consent to it but a sense of duty to God and to the Church-at-large. Three times before, I have been invited to a Professorship of Theology; but this fourth summons comes under such circumstances, and is enforced by such reasons, as seem to invest it with the authority of a call from God.

In obeying this call I am not conscious of being influenced by any consideration of personal honor, emolument, or comfort. My desire to promote the Kingdom of Christ and the peace and prosperity of the Presbyterian Church, is my supreme motive. Whether my labor in this new position will produce the fruits which those who have called me to it desire and predict, I do not know. I can only do my best and leave results with God. I thank Him for the privilege of preaching the gospel during all these past years, and pray that He will make my experience useful to those who are preparing for the same blessed ministry. In this prayer I am sure that you and all my dear people will heartily

unite; and now I trust that you will acquiesce in and approve the decision to which I have been led. The time and mode of communicating this decision to the congregation and to the Presbytery, and all the details of my transfer to my new field of labor, I submit to your good judgment. Though I cease to be your pastor, I shall never cease to be your friend; and whatever I can do to aid you and the dear people God has committed to your care, will be done with the love and loyalty which have grown stronger and more tender during all the many years we have lived and worked together.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY J. VAN DYKE.

At a meeting of the Session held May 8, the following resolutions were adopted: —

*Resolved*, That the Session has received with intense sorrow, from Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., his letter of resignation as pastor of this church. Recognizing what we believe to be the hand of Divine Providence in the call of Dr. Van Dyke to the Union Theological Seminary in New York, we are constrained to approve his desire to resign his pastoral charge, and the Session with extreme reluctance now decides to commend his letter to the favorable consideration of the Church and congregation, at a meeting to be held on Wednesday evening, May 20, at 8 o'clock; due notice thereof having been given from the pulpit on Sunday, May 17, and that Rev. John D. Wells, D.D., be invited to preside at said meeting.

*Resolved*, That the Session recommend to the congregation to acquiesce in the pastor's resignation, and to unite with him in a request to the Presbytery of Brooklyn to dissolve his pastoral relation, the dissolution to take effect on October 15, 1891.

*Resolved*, That the pastor be requested to take the necessary steps for the calling of a special meeting of the Presbytery to be held in this church on Thursday, May 21, at 4 o'clock, to hear and act upon a request for the dissolution of the pastoral relation between Dr. Van Dyke and the Second Presbyterian Church.

*Resolved*, That the Board of Trustees be requested to appoint one of their members, and that the Board of Deacons be requested to appoint one of their members, who shall act with Elders Eaton and McNary, as a committee, of which the Rev. Dr. Wells be requested to act as chairman, to draft suitable resolutions, and to make other arrangements for the conduct of the proposed meeting.

W. C. KELLOGG, *Clerk*.

D. G. EATON.

J. G. McNARY.

E. R. DILLINGHAM.

W. R. GOULD.

EDGAR WILLIAMS.

L. D. MASON, M.D.

J. FOWLER TRAVIS.

The following report was presented by the committee of arrangements consisting of Rev. Dr. J. D. Wells, Elders Eaton and McNary, Deacon J. H. Burnett, and Trustee Paul Worth : —

It has pleased God to call our beloved pastor, the Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., to a commanding



service in the church, which necessarily involves the dissolution of his pastoral relation to this people. We cannot doubt and therefore do not resist the call. Deeply as we deplore the loss to this church, we would not add to our pastor's pain and our own in the final separation, by refusing to unite with him in asking the Presbytery to dissolve the relation so long and happily existing between us. It has been our privilege to enjoy the ministry of Dr. Van Dyke for nearly forty years. During this period he has preached and lived himself into our hearts and lives. His family life too has been our own. His sons have grown to manhood among us, and by the grace and providence of God they have come to positions of great usefulness and high honor in the Church of their father and their mother. And now he himself is called to a new and most important service apart from the pastoral office; namely, the training of young men for the Christian ministry, and especially instructing them in the Theology of the Scriptures as it is outlined in our confession and catechisms. From his powerful ministry among us we have good reason to know that he is pre-eminently well qualified for these responsible duties.

We can never forget that our pastor has been with us through many changes and in times of trouble; and not merely as a teacher but as a most faithful minister of Christ, and as a son of consolation when we have known sorrow.

He has constituted many of our families by holy marriage; he has baptized our infant children and



## TRIBUTES.



## TRIBUTES.

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### FROM THE ELDERS OF THE CHURCH.

**A**T a meeting of the Elders of the Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., held May 27, 1891, the following minute was unanimously adopted; namely, —

By the blessed call of our Heavenly Father, our dearly beloved pastor, Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., has been summoned to the General Assembly and Church of the first-born in heaven.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, and most blessed is our pastor who was ever so active in the work of the Lord that he never knew when to be weary, and now he sweetly rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

The sweet hymn which we sung in this church at the close of our dear pastor's last public service on earth, Sabbath evening, May 24, 1891, —

“Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise,  
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise,”

closing with the lines, —

"Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace," —

was his prayer, and is our prayer answered now in his eternal peace.

Our beloved pastor always lived with his Lord in this life, and is living evermore with his Lord in the life everlasting. Our stricken hearts full of sorrow are bereaved, and we recognize the will of God who has ordered all things wisely and kindly for him and for us. The session bears testimony to the great learning of our pastor, — to his extensive knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; to his consistent walk and conversation among his people for many years; to his faithful and powerful ministry; to his most reverent administration of the Sacraments of the Church; to his devout direction of all religious services; and to his tender and loving sympathy with his people, in the times of their joy, and in the hours of their sorrow.

*Resolved*, That, with highest regard and deepest affection for the family of our late pastor, we, the Session of the Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., do tender them our sincere condolence in this their and our own deep affliction; and that in the death of Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, we shall miss from our church and our homes a most godly man, a very faithful friend, a loving pastor, and a noble and true Christian.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this minute, signed by the Elders of the church, be sent to the family of our late pastor.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

COMMEMORATIVE MINUTE adopted by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, Detroit, Mich., May 26, 1891, with reference to the decease of the Rev. HENRY J. VAN DYKE, D.D.

YOUR Committee, to whom you have assigned the difficult and painful duty of formulating an expression of the esteem and sorrow of the Assembly, and of the Church which we represent, suddenly called forth by the tidings of the death of the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, would respectfully suggest the following minute:—

The Master, by a mysterious exercise of His will and grace, in the sudden transfer of our beloved brother, Henry Jackson Van Dyke, from active and appreciated service in the Church on earth, to the visions and rewards of the Eternal Kingdom, has called to mind the memories of a faithful ministry, has shocked us with the unexpected termination of cherished plans of greater usefulness, and has sobered us with a profound sense of immediate and impressive responsibility.

Henry J. Van Dyke has made his name familiar, and his memory precious, by nearly half a century of zealous and effectual work in the Church. Trusted and honored he has served the Church in every possible capacity. In times of strife he has been a factor of confidence, and by strong conservatism he has contributed valuable service. A

positiveness almost severe was tempered with frankness, and softened by a winning kindliness, and a strong impulsive nature was so bridled with manifest grace, that his influence was sweeping, and the confidence of his brethren assured. In the pastorate he was affectionate and faithful; in the pulpit he was true to the Word of God, and persuaded men; in the Courts of the Church he was a faithful watchman,—in every position assigned him he met responsibility with carefulness, and did his work with zeal and faithfulness.

He closed his career in a unique relation, the contemplation of which, in the light of God's strange Providence, fills us with wonder and anxiety. Long identified with one institution as an honored Director, called to three others to occupy the Chair of Theology, he was reported to this Assembly as the unanimous choice of Union Theological Seminary Directors to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of one whom the Church honors for a service not surpassed. Before we could express our gratification and hope, God has disposed of our plans, and left us to determine the meaning of His Providence in the dark.

Let us complete our record with a prayer that God will make our disappointments and His decision an omen of good and a benediction of peace. Those who knew his heart are confident that his own purpose and desire regarded the purity and peace of the Church, and that he gave himself to the last work which he was ready to undertake, with the hope of binding our beloved Zion in unity



and love. We can best express our sorrow by serving in his spirit, and our regard for his services by imitating his devotion.

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### THE BROOKLYN PRESBYTERY.<sup>1</sup>

Our beloved brother and copresbyter, the Rev. Henry Jackson Van Dyke, D.D., entered into rest on Monday, May 25, 1891, at 10 o'clock, P.M., aged sixty-nine years, two months, and twenty-three days.

In this paper, which is offered for preservation in the file of Presbytery, and a copy of which, if approved, it is hoped may be sent to Mrs. Van Dyke for herself and her sons, the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D. and the Rev. Paul Van Dyke, your committee can only glance at the life-work, and faintly delineate the strong character of him whom we delight to honor. . . .

As a presbyter, Dr. Van Dyke was faithful to his ordination vows, and to his brothers by full participation in their responsibilities and labors; and when, for a time, he felt that he could not conscientiously attend the meetings of the Presbytery, he frankly courted the judgment of his brethren upon his reasons for absence, and gladly returned to his place as soon as he said that he could do so honorably. During most of the thirty-eight years of his pastorate here, he was closely identified with

<sup>1</sup> We quote from the Resolutions passed by the Brooklyn Presbytery, omitting passages of a biographical character.

the work of the Presbytery of New York until the Presbytery of Nassau was constituted, — through the entire history of that Presbytery, while the churches in King's County were under its care, — and after that, with the exception just referred to, with the work of the Presbytery of Brooklyn up to the time of his departure.

It is almost superfluous to say, in a sentence, that none of our copresbyters and none in the ministry at large were keener, stronger, or fairer in debate than Dr. Van Dyke. In social relations he was genial and most friendly, and he found easy access to the hearts of our children and grandchildren, because he remembered his own childhood and had great delight in the simplicity, frankness, and playfulness of the young. We miss him sadly in our homes, while sincerely rejoicing that he is forever with the Lord.

We cannot forget that with the utmost readiness to go as far as any one in obedience to the promptings of his heart, he could never yield any conviction of his judgment and conscience, however popular such yielding might be. The sudden departure of Dr. Van Dyke at the call of God, precisely in keeping with his desire, was impressive, solemn, and affecting. . . .

Feeling deeply our own loss, we desire to assure his family of our sincere condolence, and our prayer that they may be comforted with the strong consolations of the God of all comfort, and made strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus the Lord, both theirs and ours.

JOHN D. WELLS, *Chairman.*

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Union Theological Seminary, held May 30, 1891, the following minute was adopted unanimously : —

With sincere grief we are called upon to record the sudden death of the Rev. Henry Jackson Van Dyke, D.D., who but a few weeks ago was elected Roosevelt Professor of Systematic Theology. He had cordially accepted the appointment, and was making his arrangements to begin his work in the seminary with the opening of the next term. He preached to his people on the 24th inst., morning and evening, apparently in usual health. On Monday, May 25, 1891, he was stricken with *angina pectoris*, and in a short time breathed his last.

The loss of such a man to the Church at any time would be very great; but under existing circumstances, it is impossible to exaggerate its greatness. He was a born leader; intense in his convictions, full of enthusiasm and of dauntless courage, he was in the front rank in the great struggle through which the Presbyterian Church is now passing in seeking the revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith. On the floor of the General Assembly he was a master in Israel. As a member of the Assembly's Committee on Revision, he rendered noble service, and will be sorely missed in the further prosecution of this important work. His methods were always direct, open, and

manly. With splendid courage, he scorned all ecclesiastical diplomacy, and with prodigious force pressed directly toward the end he had in view. There was a true nobility in his nature, which could not fail to command the admiration even of those who differed with him. With all his strength and boldness, he was full of such tenderness and sympathy as made him charming in domestic and social relations, and most faithful and admirable as a friend. He had a broad and catholic spirit, and was an ardent advocate of church unity. He loved peace, and longed to see all divisions healed. But great as is his loss to the Church and to the immediate community where he had labored so long and was so well known, honored, and beloved, we feel very deeply that just at this time his loss to us is peculiarly great and trying. He stood by this seminary a firm, fearless, and true friend. He knew and loved this seminary; and when the committee waited upon him to offer him the Chair of Theology, he seemed deeply moved, and said with impressive and self-forgetting solemnity, "This appointment means peace; and if I can do anything to promote the peace of the Church, I shall spring to the task instantly and with my whole heart." Those who were at the Alumni dinner on the 18th inst. will not soon forget his brilliant and magnetic address which won all hearts and commanded universal admiration. We congratulated ourselves that we were to have such an addition to our teaching force, such a friend and counsellor in the work of our seminary.

But the Lord had need of him in another and a higher sphere. In sorrow we bow to the will of Him who rules over all, and who makes no mistakes, but doeth all things well.

*Resolved*, That this Board extend to the family of Dr. Van Dyke our deep and affectionate sympathy in their sudden and great bereavement, assuring them that we share their sorrow, for the affliction is ours as well as theirs.

E. M. KINGSLEY, *Recorder*.

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SIGMA CHI SOCIETY.

THE Rev. Dr. Henry Jackson Van Dyke was connected with this Society more than ten years. How highly he prized its privileges has been shown by his constant attendance at its meetings, by his eager participation in its discussions, and by his fraternal regard for its members. They now most tenderly cherish his memory, and it will not be easy to record their high sense of his worth and services.

The traits which distinguished Dr. Van Dyke before the world lost nothing on the nearer view afforded by familiar intercourse. Here, as everywhere else, he contended earnestly for the faith. Courage in maintaining his convictions was his strong characteristic. In more troublous times it might have made him as outspoken as Luther and as fearless as Knox. But if his theology, par-

taking of his temperament, became somewhat polemical, he wore its seventeenth-century armor as lightly as a network of steel. He loved liberty as well as orthodoxy. Both were blended throughout his life, and the advocates of both did him homage at his death.

Dr. Van Dyke was an able and eloquent preacher, a successful pastor devoted to his flock, an influential leader in the affairs of the Church, a scholar versed in theological learning, and a vigorous writer, whose logical thinking was not without its own literary grace of expression. Many of his best productions were presented to the Sigma Chi. The papers on "Infant Baptism" and "The Descent to Hades" led to discussions lasting more than an hour after the usual time for adjournment. The same interest followed the reading of portions of his last and most enduring work, embodying his matured views on "The Church and the Sacraments."

Within this circle his brotherly love found full expression. In the very heat of discussion he was frank and fair and generous. He wished for Christian unity in doctrine as well as in feeling, being unable to surrender principle to mere sentiment. His opinions were always clearly formed, firmly grasped, and forcibly expressed. Upon every subject that arose he had some light to shed, some helpful suggestion to offer. With the wisdom of age he seemed to have retained the enthusiasm of youth, and took hopeful views of the most perplexing problems of our time. His genial humor

sometimes played among the stern realities of his creed like sunshine upon the rocks.

The closest friends of Dr. Van Dyke know best how true and loyal he was in his attachments; how faithful and tender in the ministrations of his office; how habitual in his walk with God, and how zealous in the service of Christ.

At an age when most men are retired on account of infirmity, he had been called to a chief seat among the scholars of the Church. Alas! he reached that goal of a sacred ambition only to crown the lessons of his life with the lesson of his death. When the summons came, it found him with loins girded, and lamp trimmed and burning, "Prepared to go," as he said with his last, painful breath.

Only the other day he paid that loving tribute to the memory of our late president, Dr. Crosby. The two devoted friends had scarcely unclasped hands at parting, when they clasped them again in greeting beyond the veil. And to those whom they have left behind, life seems less sweet and death less bitter.

*(Adopted by the Sigma Chi Society, Oct. 21, 1891.)*





# **MEMORIAL SERVICES.**

**MAY 30, 1891.**

THE funeral service was held on Saturday afternoon, May 30, 1891. Prayer was offered at the house by Rev. Dr. Murray.

The body was carried to the church by the young men of the congregation, followed by the officers of the church as pall-bearers, with the Rev. Drs. Murray, Storrs, and Davis.

## MEMORIAL SERVICES.

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### READING.

BY REV. DR. JAMES O. MURRAY.

**I** AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

HYMN. — My Jesus as Thou wilt.

## INVOCATION.

BY REV. DR. ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH.

O THOU that hearest prayer; who art the strength and the refuge of Thy people in their times of trouble, and who hast taught us in Thy Holy Word that as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him: have mercy upon us we beseech Thee, O Thou Father of our spirits, and Thou Helper of Thy people in all generations. Under the shadow of Thy judgments do we fly unto Thee, O Lord, and in the shelter of Thy wings would we make our refuge until these calamities be over passed. We are strangers and sojourners with Thee, as all our fathers were. Our days on earth are but as a hand breadth; while Thy years are of old, from everlasting to everlasting; and yet, O Lord, Thou carest for us. Thine eye pities us; and Thou dost ordain in Thy supreme, eternal will, which can make no mistakes, and never changes in its love, the fate of men. Grant unto us, as we are assembled at this solemn hour and in this service which so moves our hearts, that God's pity may be upon us; and may all the promises of Thy blessed Word declared unto us by Christ Jesus our Lord, who is the resurrection and the life, and all the comfort that is ministered unto them

that are in trouble, by the Holy Ghost, be granted unto us, for Jesus' sake. This we ask, saying also, even as our Lord and Saviour hath taught us, —

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

#### READING OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS AND CREED.

BY REV. DR. ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH.

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

Behold Thou hast made my days as an hand breadth; and mine age is as nothing before Thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain; he heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep : in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

For we are consumed by Thine anger, and by Thy wrath we are troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in Thy wrath : we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of Thine anger ? even according to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.

If so be that being clothed, we shall not be found naked.

For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

Now, he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing

that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord :

(For we walk by faith, not by sight :)

We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month : and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse : but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and his servants shall serve him :

And they shall see his face ; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery ; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.



In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell, The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father

Almighty ; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The holy Catholic Church ; The Communion of Saints ; The Forgiveness of sins ; The Resurrection of the body ; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

### ADDRESS.

By REV. DR. JOHN D. WELLS.

It was definitely arranged between Dr. Van Dyke and myself, that at my decease he should speak words of comfort to my children. I cannot remember that it ever occurred to me that I might possibly survive him ; so little do we know of our own times or the times of others, which are always in the hands of the Lord. And now for reasons that I may not give, I deeply feel that love for my brother unfits me for this service in which I have consented to take part. I have looked upon his face and form, still and restful in death, but, thus far, have not been able to take home to my heart, in fullest realization, the fact that he has indeed departed, to be forever with the Lord. We are all too near the impressive closing of Dr. Van Dyke's mortal life to interpret its meaning. Already the tidings of his departure have been flashed to the ends of the earth. The General Assembly in session at Detroit has sent words

of tenderest condolence, and poured out prayer for the support and consolation of those whose sorrows are greatest; the Press, religious and secular, has told the story of our brother's life and death to millions of people. We are gathered here now, not for his sake,—he needs nothing at our hands,—but to recognize the goodness of God in giving him, in making him what he was, in preserving him in these earthly relations for so many years of blessed fellowship and service, and then granting the desire of his heart, that he might not be laid aside from work, but quickly taken to the fellowship and service of heaven.

We that speak to you, one with each other in the common brotherhood of Christ, held very different relations to this beloved man whom God has taken from his home, from his church, and from his large life-work on the earth. What can we severally say that may be helpful to the living, and a solace to the afflicted?

By his strong lineage; by his natural temperament, and his endowments of mind and heart; by his careful education at home and in the schools; by his large acquisitions of knowledge from nature and books, and from mingling with men at home and abroad; by the very activities of life; by all that came to him in the manifold relations of life, and by the grace of God abounding toward him from first to last,—Dr. Van Dyke was a very strong man. He was strong in nerve; strong in

courage, physical and moral; strong in mind, in imagination, in love, in logic, and in speech; strong in the abiding conviction of his sinfulness, and, best of all, strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. And no one who knew him as a man, a preacher, a presbyter, and an author, can doubt for a moment that if it had pleased the Lord to give him to the Union Theological Seminary, he would have been as strong there as he had been in all other positions during the many years of his public life.

When Dr. Van Dyke came to Brooklyn, almost forty years ago, the church of which he became pastor, and the church of which I had been pastor about three years, with all the other old school Presbyterian churches in Kings and Queen counties, were under the care of the Presbytery of New York. We two were comparatively young men, with our little children about us. Very soon we became co-workers and personal friends. Changes in the city followed in quick succession, and with these came the need of a local Presbytery on this side of the river. On May 14, 1855, nine ministers connected with the Presbytery of New York, met at my house to arrange for applying to the Synod in the Fall for the constitution of a Presbytery. Henry J. Van Dyke was one of the nine; and all but three have now entered into rest. On the 28th of the same month, we met at his house for further conference and prayer in

reference to this matter. On the 8th of November of that year, the Presbytery of Nassau was constituted in accordance with the direction of the Synod in this church, the venerable Jonathan Greenleaf, D.D., preaching the sermon. Sixteen years later, at the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church, there was a reconstruction of the Presbyteries; and the Presbytery of Brooklyn and the Synod of Long Island were constituted. These several changes and the rapid increase of population brought with them the necessity for earnest co-operation in church work, not only in the consolidated city of Brooklyn, but throughout the bounds of our Long Island Synod. Dr. Van Dyke was a leading spirit in all this work. He was a faithful presbyter, a wise counsellor, a most willing helper of his brethren of all denominations, with practical and comprehensive views in regard to church extension, and the strengthening of things that were ready to die. When churches had need of visitation to correct evils, or to promote spirituality, he was especially sought after to speak words of wisdom, and words of inspiration for higher service. The records of the Presbyteries of New York and Nassau and Brooklyn, and of the Synods of New York and Long Island, will show how much this city and county, and the island at large, are indebted to him for ministerial service to build up the church and bless the people.

Before coming to Brooklyn, Dr. Van Dyke had known sore domestic bereavement; and when sorrow came into any of our homes, as it came once and again into my own, he was present to comfort us by the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God. Dark days in both Church and State brought to the heart of our brother, and to many besides, severest afflictions. But under them all he was "stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." "The drop in the bucket is bitter," he wrote me once, after a service to which he had been appointed, and was declined by one of the churches, "but I hope it will work kindly. It will all be right in the morning." And that was the spirit in which the dear man met other repulses of a similar kind. When those dark days were over, and misunderstandings were no longer possible, there was an utter blotting out of the ungracious past, and the coming together in closest fellowship, of hearts that knew no later estrangements.

I will not withhold the statement that the coming of Dr. Van Dyke into my own house at any time during the years of his Brooklyn life, was the signal for joyful gathering and greeting. Children, and at last children's children, welcomed him as one who had stolen their hearts. He was as playful with them as though they had been his equals; and he had many a captivating story, told in a winsome way, that they can never forget. At

the close of my seventieth year, he was present at the request of my people to speak such words as his heart might prompt; and I am reminded that on that occasion, with choked utterance, he said, and immediately sat down, that he hoped he might die before me, and that I might be present at the service for his burial.

I may not claim the time that belongs to my brethren whose relations to Dr. Van Dyke were different from my own, and whose words you desire to hear; but I cannot close without giving a few instances in illustration of the tenderness of that great heart that lives and loves forever. He would not trust himself to attend the meeting on the evening of Wednesday, the 20th inst., at which his people complied with his request, and reluctantly agreed to unite with him in asking the Presbytery to dissolve the relation so long existing between them; but he was present at the meeting of the Presbytery on the day following. Kept from that meeting myself by a funeral at the same hour, I have learned from others that the occasion was one of the deepest and most affecting interest. In asking the Presbytery to release him from his pastoral charge, that he might enter upon the professorship of Dogmatic and Systematic Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Van Dyke referred to the fact that our form of church government mentions but one reason for dissolving the relation between pastor

and people; to wit, "grievances in his congregation" under which the pastor cannot longer labor. But he said with emphasis that he labored under no grievance. It was a great grief to him and to his people to part with each other.

A little later, when several of his brethren spoke of the kind offices of Dr. Van Dyke to themselves and to their people, and of their regret that he was about to leave them for service elsewhere, and of their love for his person, he was affected to tears.

But I ought to add that in connection with the tender words he spoke about parting with his people, he took advantage of the opportunity — as he felt it his duty to do, because of his relation to a subject of commanding public interest at this time — to utter some words which I am sure, could he now speak in my ear, he would charge me to repeat. They are part of the belief with which only six days later he left the world, having spoken to his physician and friend at the time the memorable words: "You may call it what you please [referring to the *angina pectoris* that was taking his precious life], I am prepared to go." "I believe," he said to his brethren in the Presbytery, "that the original Scripture documents were inerrant. I believe that Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible known as the Pentateuch. I believe that Isaiah wrote the book of prophecy that goes by his name, from first



to last ; I believe that the Gospel of John was written by the apostle whose name it bears. But," he added, "if ever the scholarship of the future should prove the contrary of any of these beliefs to be true, it would not shake my confidence a particle in the divine authority of the Scriptures, or in their binding force as our sole rule of faith and practice."

Precious brother, of strong mind, great heart, and faithful unto death in all the work of life, prepared by grace to go to the Saviour, he receives the crown of life at last, and wears it forever.

He lived as few can live ; he preached as few can preach ; and now while for a few moments we touch this sacred place where for so many years he stood and lived in your presence, we realize as never before the full meaning of the words so often on his lips : "The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory, and their bodies being still united to Christ, do rest in the grave until the resurrection." And, beloved, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring unto Him."

May the God of all comfort, the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless, reveal himself in tenderness and love and gracious power to the stricken ones of our brother's family, and hold them close to His infinite heart until they, and

all who have gone before, are forever one in their Father's house, and in their Saviour's presence. Meanwhile, we will gladly remember that God calls our loved ones, but "We lose not" wholly what He has given: they live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly as in heaven.

## HYMN No. 992.

READ BY REV. DR. W. R. DAVIS.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,

Beyond the sowing and the reaping,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home ! Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the shining and the shading,

Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home ! Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond the pulse's fevered beating,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home ! Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home ! Sweet home !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

## ADDRESS.

BY REV. DR. JAMES O. MURRAY.

ANY ministry like that of our departed brother, extending through forty-six years, is a part of the heritage which belongs to the whole church of Christ. It builds up, enlarges, spiritualizes the whole kingdom of God on earth, which includes all bodies of disciples, and the entire company of the faithful. Its lines have gone out through all the earth, and its words unto the end of the world. It ended by God's directing hand, to us moving in mystery, with the services of last Sunday, among his beloved people. To the last, then, he was the pastor and preacher. His record ends in this church which he served so devotedly, so tenderly, so unsparingly ; ends with your affections still encircling him, with your overflowing gratitude for all his devoted labors, still giving him joy in its expression, and cheering his heart for new labors in untried fields.

The point which I wish to emphasize now is that such a work in the ministry, though necessarily fulfilled in connection with one branch of Christ's church, belongs to the one fold. Is it not so? Take his laborious and faithful preaching for these forty-six years. What were its characteristics? I cannot name them all; but there is one which is pre-eminent.

The sacredness of his office, as a Christian teacher ordained of God, was never absent from his thoughts. It bred in him high reverence for the pulpit. It brought all his powers of mind into service. He had a horror of desecrating the pulpit by any cheap and flashy methods of pulpit discourse. He shrank from any slipshod or superficial teachings. His investigations were formed more on such models as those found in George Herbert's Temple and Baxter's Reformed Pastor, than on any modern notions of the pulpit, which look only at stirring the emotions or startling men by sensations. Tenderness, pathos if you will, were not wanting; but the controlling purpose in all his discourses was to *teach* men the things of the Kingdom of God. In his own clear cut, nervous, concise, and admirable power of language he *enshrined* the truth of God. "He nothing common did or mean." The office of the Christian preacher was never lowered for an instant. All was high. He stood for the best things in style, in thought, and in the devotional service. He

brought mature, elevated, deeply spiritual thinking into play; and the record of his pulpit is from the beginning to its end one of singular and permanent power, not only because it was so earnest and so laborious, but because it was so permeated with this sense of the sacredness of the preacher's office. Now such a pulpit is a power which no words can overestimate. It may be unchronicled in the newspapers; but the most effective forces of the universe have no trumpet sounded before them. It is not merely a Presbyterian pulpit; the sermons are not those of a Presbyterian preacher merely. Its influences have permeated society, and refute largely the fallacious reasoning of Mr. Mahaffy about the decay of preaching in its hold on men. The record of any ministry, however humble or however conspicuous, founded on such principles, belongs to the whole church of God.

It was a great and a needed service, too, which he rendered to the Christian community by his insistence on the fulfilment of the pastoral office. In his view this was no mere appendage to the pulpit, to be made as much of or as little of as the duties of the preacher would allow. It had its own distinct place. To that he was ordained as much as to the office of preacher. It took a very broad scope. If the confidences of his pastoral work could be disclosed, they would show how high and sacred a place it occupied in his scheme of ministerial work. Whatever touched the moral

well-being of his people, that he felt bound to look after. He took burdens upon himself, which are usually deemed far outside the range of pastoral labor. He took long journeys sometimes, to my knowledge, to discharge them. He was as fearless and yet as kind in rebuking sin as he was in conducting a theological debate. Only his people know what he has been as a pastor: the world cannot know it, for it is largely hidden under the veil of sacred confidences.

The value to the church of Christ of such an emphasis, put by one who was an eminent preacher, on the pastoral office, is, I think, very great. More and more of this work must be done if the exigencies of life in our great cities are to be met by Christian men. It is easy to narrow and dwarf the range of the pastoral office into decorous, social calls, or special ministries of consolation. The larger conception, and that which filled the soul of our departed brother, it is not so easy to reach. But whenever it is realized, then a work is done for Christianity, which shines far outside of the immediate household or field in which it has been fulfilled.

Nor should Dr. Van Dyke's services, in the various judicial bodies of the church in which he served, be passed without mention. He was carefully trained in the polity of the Church. It was with him a favorite study. He interpreted it along the broader lines. He delighted in the

largeness of the definition of the church of Christ which he found in the Confession of Faith. He brought to the councils of his brethren a keen discrimination, and great ability in debate. He was no doctrinaire in ecclesiastical politics, ready to sacrifice the practical to the ideal. His wisdom, it seemed to me, was as marked as his courage. He was a keen and determined antagonist where matters of conviction were concerned, but he had a nobility of mind and heart, which never let him descend to fetches or stratagems to carry his point. He fought his fights above board, striving to be fair to his antagonists when most he differed from their views. It has been thought, I know, by some that in him the "joy of battle" led him at times to controversy; that he delighted to fling down the gage into the arena, and follow it with his ringing blows. I venture to say that this is an entire misconception. He never undertook the duties of any controversy until what seemed to him principle compelled him, as he thought, to contend for a vital and important truth. On this part of Dr. Van Dyke's life-work, there is no need for me to dwell at length, but it may not be too lightly dismissed. The Church of God at large is the better for such men. We cannot get on without leaders in our ecclesiastical organizations, nor without discussions. We shall get on well only as we have men of nobleness of spirit, disdaining all the arts of ecclesiastical politicians; and every such

instance of a large-hearted, successful leader is so much service rendered to the Church-at-large.

During the past two years the public attention has been strongly fixed on Dr. Van Dyke as an earnest advocate of the revision of the standards of the Church. His position had long been established as an adherent of the theology of the Reformation. He had been trained in what is known as the Old School Theology. He had espoused its tenets, and had been their public defender and expounder. The formularies of the Church, its Confession and Catechisms, as well as its polity, had been for years the subject of his reverential, careful, and loving study. In his library he had collected large numbers of standard treatises on theology, down to the most recent discussions. His taste, as well as his convictions of duty, led him along this path, and made him a close student of theology. Had God spared him to enter upon the new field which had just opened before him, it would I think have been made apparent how richly furnished his mind was with our best theologizing.

He was conservative too by nature. He was slow to forsake the old and well-trodden paths for new and untried ones. He loved deeply the traditions of the past, which cluster around the ancient and venerable symbols of the faith. Reverence was ingrained in his mental and moral constitution; but he was a conservative with an



open mind. He sought earnestly to keep himself in touch with the best thinking on all subjects.

Conservative he was, but his conservatism meant walking in the light, with his face and not his back toward it. And then as he pondered deeply on a larger progress for the Kingdom of God, on the need of a deeper and more vital Catholicity in Christendom, as he studied his Bible along with the ancient creeds, he felt that the time had come for a revision of the formularies of the Church in some things,—a taking out here, and an adding there, so as to make the Confession of Faith more full and rich and rounded with the content of the Holy Gospel. This was his motive; this was his aim; this was his dearest purpose. It was no sudden thing for him: it was the fruit of years of thought and of prayer. He grew into the views which he put forth so widely and so effectively. He had to part company with many whom he deeply revered, and some whom he deeply loved, on this subject. It was a sacrifice to him to sunder old and endeared association. He could not do this lightly. But he had his convictions to obey, and obeying them he would have walked alone had it been needful. For no man ever had more of the courage of his opinions,—never hastily formed and never held merely with his will. They were a part of his inner, yea, of his innermost life.

And now that he has gone from this world of

strife and debate, gone to the open and beatific vision, gone where we know as we are known, how blessed it is to think that in all his earnest maintenance of the revision project he was free, utterly free from all uncharitableness toward others, and from all the theological odium which has been the bane of theological discussion. He wrote much, but every line was free from bitterness. He was in earnest, but his courtesy never forsook him. He carried the cause on his heart. It was with him in his study; it followed him along his pastoral visits; it attended him when he sought his annual rest among the mountains and the lakes. But his advocacy of it was pitched in a lofty key, along noble lines, and his opponents are the first to do justice to the magnanimous, generous, and large Christian spirit in which he sought to conduct the whole movement of which, it may well be said, he was by circumstances as well as abilities the head. There lies on my table, as I write these lines, the last communication from his pen, dated Brooklyn, May 20, 1891. A cruel rumor as to his unsoundness on a question in debate as to the inerrancy of the Scriptures called it forth. It breathes every attribute of Dr. Van Dyke's mind and heart. Its candor, its freedom from all asperity, its scorn of double-mindedness, its lovely patience, its devotion to the old beliefs, with openness of mind to all light when light should come, make this letter of

his to a religious paper in the West, memorable, indeed.

I cannot dwell now on his service to the church in his writings. His published sermons were numerous, his articles in our periodical literature, his contributions to the religious press, and recently his lectures on the Church, there is no need that I should analyze and discuss them. All was well done. All subserved high uses. He was master of a clear and forcible English style; he was patient in investigation; he made no pretense to nicety of scholarship; he paraded no learning, — but all that he did was honest, substantial, and elevated work.

The record here is closed. We shall see his face no more, nor hear again his words of friendly communion, of holy counsel, or of high debate. Yes, his record on earth is closed; and closed while the church of his love, and to which he was intensely loyal, is stirred by great commotion. The air is full of feverish excitement. We feel the tremor pulsing around us, which seems to presage theological strife. We shall miss his wisdom, his courage, his patience, his generosity in the perilous hour, if it shall come. But for him it is perfect rest; for him it is the cloudless region and the blessed end of all doubt and of all debate. And so we lay him down to his quiet sleep in the Lord, and comfort our hearts with the immortal words: "For now we

see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now we know in part ; then shall we know even as we are known. Beloved, it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know that when He is manifested we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

### PRAYER.

BY REV. DR. THOMAS S. HASTINGS.

O GOD, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, Thou art our God, and we are Thy children. We rejoice that Thou reignest supreme in heaven above, and in the earth beneath. Thy sovereignty is our safety, our salvation, and our song. We rejoice in it ; we rest in it ; it calms us ; it comforts us ; it strengthens us so that we can bear burdens otherwise crushing, and undertake tasks otherwise overwhelming. We glory in the sovereignty of our Father God, and rejoice that the hand which holds the sceptre over us is omnipotent. There is no weakness in that hand. There is no uncertainty in its sway. We bless Thee that when our horizon is darkened, the zenith is bright, that God over all, and blessed for evermore, is shining down upon us ; and though we cannot see the reason of Thy dealings with us, and though Thou dost thwart our plans, defeat our purposes, and

disappoint our hopes, yea, though Thou dost slay us,—yet we will trust Thee.

Gathered in this sanctuary to-day on an errand so sad, so painful unto us, we turn from the grave which we are to make to-day, we turn from the coffin and shroud before us, to lift tearful eyes to the home on high to which Thou hast called our brother beloved. He was thine more than ours; and Thou hast claimed him as was Thy right. But Thou hast torn the tendrils of strong affection; Thou hast rent asunder tender ties; and Thou hast made hearts to bleed. This Thou knowest, O our gracious Father; the vacancies which Thou hast made on earth that Thou mightest add to the assembly gathered on high, Thou understandest. But we, in our ignorance, in our weakness, in our blindness, and in our helplessness, staggering under burdens and stumbling over obstacles, stained with sin and often stung with trial, shut our eyes to the roughness of the path, to the dangers that threaten, that we may behold the glory that is above and beyond, and rejoice for our brother, that, after the battle well fought and the work well done, he is at rest and in peace.

O Thou great Head of the Church, we beseech Thee to raise up others to fill the places which Thou hast made vacant; and fill them with high courage, with entire consecration, with self-sacrificing and fearless devotion. May Thy blessing

rest upon this church, where thy servant labored so long. His heart was already yearning over them, his people beloved, as he was looking toward another field of labor. Fill his place here, we beseech thee, with a pastor of thine own choosing, who shall carry on the work that has been sustained by him so long.

But there are other places that cannot be filled. Remember, O God, the family which Thou hast bereaved. The widowed heart, O Thou God of infinite compassion and tenderness, comfort her. Put underneath Thine everlasting arms, that she may be supported and strengthened, with upward and forward looks, to go on toward that home where the reunion shall come.

The two sons in the ministry, whom our brother so tenderly loved, God bless them in their sorrow, and give them great joy in their father, — each having him with himself, however widely the two may be separated, — a constant joy and a constant inspiration.

Grant that all the institutions with which our brother was connected may be remembered in Thy grace; and that as his support and help have been taken away, other support and help may be given.

Men die; but blessed be Thy name, Thy work goes on. We will not complain. We will not falter in the task, or shrink in the trial, or shirk in the battle, if only Thou by Thy grace dost

reveal Thyself unto us, as our Companion, our Father and our Brother.

And now we pray Thee that Thou wilt remember this community in which our brother lived and labored so long. Sanctify to Thy people in this community the great loss which Thou hast brought upon them, as well as upon the Church at large. We thank Thee for his broad charity, his generous catholicity, which led him to love with a sincere love all branches of the Church catholic. Oh for more of this catholicity, for more of this unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace!

Hear our prayer, O God, as in our loneliness and in our sorrow, with our brother voiceless and pulseless before us, and lifted beyond our vision and our hearing, we cry out unto Thee for comfort, for all the aching and sorrowing hearts.

So teach us to live that whenever the summons may come for us, however sudden it may be, we shall be ready to go, — to go and render up our account with joy and not with grief.

And the praise shall be Thine only. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, — one God, and our God, forevermore. Amen.

## HYMN No. 1120.

READ BY REV. DR. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL.

THE sands of time are sinking ;  
The dawn of heaven breaks ;  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight ;  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory — glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

O Christ ! He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well, of love ;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above ;  
There to an ocean fulness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory — glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted by His love ;  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.



## ADDRESS.

BY REV. DR. RICHARD S. STORRS.

MY dear Christian friends: I am very sure that no one who has known how intimate and affectionate have been for many years my relations to the dear brother who has now gone from our earthly circles, will doubt that I enter fully into all the sadness and grief which have been so freely expressed on this occasion, and which must come to us all in the thought that we are to hear his voice no more. But I confess that to me, as I go with a friend to the gates of Eternal Life, that which comes is chiefly illumination and not shadow. It is an uplifting, an inspiration,—it is not a simple overwhelming grief, which I feel. I have gone so often with beloved ones to the very threshold of the Life beyond, and have felt so often how narrow and brief a step it would be for me to enter in with them, that the next world, in all its glory and in all its grace, has come to seem to me more real than the present,—the present only the portal to the immortal palace. Our friend died suddenly; and in that he died as he had desired to die. I told him, only last November, of a friend of mine at the East, of about my own age, who had lain down to sleep, as was supposed, in perfect health, and who was found

in the morning in his bed, with one hand under his face and the other hand lightly closed on a handkerchief which it did not even grasp, dead, evidently for several hours. With characteristic earnestness of voice and gesture, our dear Dr. Van Dyke said, instantly, "That is the way to die! That is the way I hope to die." And almost literally was his prayer fulfilled. I wonder if any one ever reads those words of John in the Apocalypse, in response to the Master, without a certain sense of surprise: "He which testifieth these things saith, 'Surely I come quickly.' Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus!" I do not know of any one in the circle of my Christian and ministerial acquaintance and friendship, who could have taken those words to his lips, not lightly, but reverently, seriously, and earnestly, more naturally than our dear brother now gone from us. When I think of the death of such an one as he was, it is to me only as the transient cloud which hid the Lord ascending from the eyes of his disciples,—dark, no doubt, on the earthly side, but flooded as it must have been on the other side with celestial effulgence, and even on the lower side touched with the shining gold of that Divine illumination. So let death be to us always; and especially the death of one so near and so beloved as this our friend!

I am grateful for the privilege of being allowed to say a word or two in regard to that Christian

character in him, which consummated and surpassed all other qualities of mind and spirit, and to which I have been a witness for many years.

For twenty-five years Dr. Van Dyke and I have been on intimate terms. During the preceding years of his ministry in Brooklyn I did not know him so well, or meet him so often; but in all this later period I have known him thoroughly. We met often. We were largely correspondent with each other in our views of theological truth, and therefore had no occasion to discuss them, to find any fresh basis of agreement. We were both constructive, rather than destructive or critical, in our views of the truth; and as we were agreed, we had no occasion for much interchange of opinion in that department of thought. We were in different communions; but each held that the other had amplest liberty to think the one with which he was directly connected the better of the two. We therefore never discussed questions of Church polity; but our talk ran easily and naturally upon themes of spiritual import, and there we were accustomed to interchange feeling and sentiment with an almost boyish freedom of utterance. So that I knew him well in that which was deepest in his experience, in that which was sweetest in his soul's life. Then, for years past, we have been accustomed to meet in the Union Conference meetings held weekly by four of our churches here; and no one could have been pres-

ent in those meetings without feeling afresh, every time that Dr. Van Dyke rose to speak or to pray, the richness of his thought, the eloquence of his utterance, the strength of his conviction, the tenderness of his Christian aspiration and affection, and the triumphant courage of his Christian hope.

I have an impression that years ago, when those meetings began, some of those attending them, who had known him before only in an external and professional way, may have been surprised at the tenderness and strength of that experience in divine things which he therein revealed. I was never surprised, because I had touched his heart so often before that I knew it fully, — knew it to the centre. His character was founded, as we know, upon very strong and abiding convictions concerning God and God's work, concerning man as a sinner and man in the infinite possibilities of his nature, concerning Christ as the divine Redeemer, and concerning the whole plan of God for the salvation of men. These convictions were vital and central in him. All his character and all his life were based upon them; even as the tower and the spire, rising in musical beauty in the air, are based solidly on the rocky granite underneath. Rather, it would be better to say that his whole character grew out of these convictions, as the mighty oak, with its marvellous exhibition of symmetry and strength, is rooted vitally in the

fruitful soil. There was nothing in the least factitious or artificial about his Christian experience or character. All was divinely natural, under that influence of the Spirit of God, which had entered into his heart, and had turned these convictions into spirit and life with him. As natural as his own consciousness of life, this character had become to him; and we can no more think of him in any other character than we can think of his form, as we remember it so well, without limb or arm, eyes or forehead. His character was himself, because rooted in conviction, and educated by all his experience of life and of work.

It was an exceedingly Biblical experience, this of our brother. All who knew him remember of course the richness, accuracy, ease, and familiarity with which the language of the Bible came to his lips. He had studied deeply, as we have been told, the Confession of Faith of his own Church, and its Catechism; but he had studied the Bible also, more deeply than either or all human statements. He had been familiar with it from his childhood, and had kept himself familiar with it in all his later life and work. And therefore his experience was, as I have said, peculiarly a Biblical experience. It took in both the Testaments. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom": there was the rock on which everything rested. Then came, "By grace are ye saved,

through faith ; and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God." He bound the two Testaments together, vitally, in his comprehensive experience. He was equally familiar with the older Scripture and with the new Revelation of God in Christ. Strength and tenderness were therefore intimately associated, and ever present, in our beloved friend. If he had been a prisoner in the Roman Prætorium, he would have written with unhesitating hand those noble words, "I suffer trouble, even unto bonds ; but the Word of God is not bound." He knew that experience in the emphatic part of it. A triumphant courage, a victorious expectation of success for the truth, was always his ; and yet with the same hand he would have written those other words to the Galatians, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." Boldness and beauty, strength and loveliness were singularly combined in his character, because his experience was founded in these strong convictions, and was so essentially Biblical in tone and spirit. "Strength and beauty are in Thy sanctuary," said the psalmist of old. Strength and beauty were in the sanctuary of the soul of him whom we miss.

And all this was naturally exhibited, as has been already suggested, in his pastoral experience. I repeat every word which has been said concerning that, — his fidelity in it, his assiduity, his faithfulness, his patience, and his success. They

surpass any eulogy of words. He believed, what is true, that the ablest minister is not merely to teach doctrine; that he is not merely to walk before men in the example of a pure life; that he is to radiate character from himself; to fulfil, in a measure, in his lower and human sphere, the priestly office of the divine Lord; to pour out from the full chalice of his abounding faith, gladness and hope, the oil of joy, and the wine of gladness, into stricken and sorrowful spirits. His character radiated from him. He communicated of his own life to those near him. How many families in this congregation — a congregation to which my relations have been affectionate and tender, as his were to many families in my own church — have testified to me, again and again, of the rich supply which came to them when they were an hungered and athirst, in need of all things, from the gentle and abounding courage and faith of his victorious spirit. By his pastoral offices they were blessed, while at the same time by those offices the character in himself was nurtured. By this character it was that he was associated, too, most delightfully, with other Christian communions. He valued the Presbyterian Church, not only or chiefly for its great history, not only or chiefly for its majestic standards, not only or chiefly for its glorious traditions, or for its great present work in the land and in the earth, but because it nurtured this character, as he be-

lieved and felt, in those ministering at its altars, and in those received into its communion. He loved other communions, also, wherever he saw this character illustrated; he affectionately honored everywhere the influences by which it had been generated, and by which it was maintained. It might be in the Society of Friends; it might be among Presbyterians or Congregationalists, among Methodists or Episcopalians, or Roman Catholics. I think it made no difference whatever to him where that character had come from; if he recognized the same spiritual experiences which were in himself, and which he knew and felt to have been divinely implanted and divinely nurtured, he rejoiced in them. And no matter where he failed to find this essential character, there he was repelled. No reputation, no learning, no art, no eloquence, no skill in controversy, could allure his confidence and command his affectionate regard, unless this character were apparent; while wherever it did appear, there his heart went forth to meet it, with glad acceptance and with joyful acclaim.

How we shall miss him in the time to come! But we rejoice to know that this character was at all times ripening for the heavenly experience. "Entered into rest," we say. Yes; that is true. But let us not think that the rest of our dear brother is to be something in which activity will be wanting! I can think of some, sometimes, as



entering into the Life beyond, and finding great peace in a prolonged and lovely repose. But where one goes, as he went, in the fulness of his strength, in the rich maturity of character, of power, and of energy, into that world of Light, — called, suddenly, by the voice which says, “Come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter,” — then I know that rest, for him, means perfect work, in noblest spheres, with perfect powers, without a sense of weariness in it, with no interruption and with no cloud. Our dear brother would never have been adapted anywhere, on earth or in immortality, to rest in idleness. But a rest such as God’s rest is, when the chiming stars stream forth from His eternal mind and will, as separate stanzas in the vast universal poem, — a rest not of inaction, but of triumphant work, with transfigured powers, and to majestic fruit, — that is the “rest” to which our brother has now gone!

My dear friends, and fellow ministers in the gospel, if when we depart, as one by one we shall, and soon — for we tread all the time on the edges of the great Immortality — others can say of us, as we now say of him, “Servant of God, well done!” then let no one speak of us with sadness; let the organ loosen its triumphant strains; let all uniting voices and hearts ascend in victorious praise to Him who gave us life, who trained it in us, who gave us opportunity for

work, and who finally has taken us only to the rest of a nobler work, with grander powers, and in the open celestial vision !

Yet, we are bereft for a time. The death of this dear brother, who has been by my side for thirty-eight years, leaves me, especially, standing alone of the older pastors in this part of the city. Among its earlier pastors Dr. Wells remains, in the other district of the city ; and I thank God for that. But here there is no other to remember Dr. Van Dyke's coming among us. My dear friends, let us, as we look on his now silent form, rejoice that death does not mean extinction or destruction to the Christian disciple ; that the whole secret of it is found in those words of Christ : " I am come that they might have Life, and might have it more abundantly." It is that promise fulfilled to disciples, which enables us to look up with untrembling hearts into the darkness of that which on the earth is called " death." It is that promise, fulfilled in him who now stands with saints and seraphim in the glory of the just, and in the vision of God, from which comes to us, even here, gladness and peace ! Thank God for the life here ! Thank God for the Life, more abundant and more glorious, and never to cease, in the spheres unseen !

**BENEDICTION.****BY REV. DR. WELLS.**

**MAY** the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God our Heavenly Father, and the communion and consolation of the Holy Spirit abide with you all, forever. Amen.

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**AFTER** the conclusion of the public services, the vast throng that completely filled the church took a parting look at the face of their friend. The children and teachers of the Sabbath-school afterwards marched from the school-room, and passed through the church in front of the open casket. Many of the children, with tearful eyes and the silent tribute of a flower, testified their deep affection. The church remained in charge of the young men, who claimed the sad but sweet privilege of keeping watch over the precious remains through the night. Early on the following Sabbath morning, bereaved relatives and friends carried him to the place of burial in Greenwood Cemetery. There, amid the beauties of Nature, the songs of birds, under the clear shining of the sun, the dear form of the beloved pastor was laid away in firm hope of the resurrection of the just.

At the services held during this sad Sabbath, now memorable in the history of the Second Church, the Rev. James O. Murray, D. D., preached sermons full of comfort to this sorely bereaved people. In the afternoon, memorial services were held in the Sabbath-school, which were largely attended by both teachers and scholars, and which afforded much-needed consolation to the burdened hearts of both young and old.

## **ADDITIONAL TRIBUTES.**



## ADDITIONAL TRIBUTES.

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### BOARD OF DEACONS.

AT a special meeting of the Board of Deacons of the Second Presbyterian Church, held June 5, 1891, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted : —

It having pleased our heavenly Father, in his all-wise providence, to remove our beloved pastor, Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., from the church militant to the church triumphant, after a long and faithful pastorate of nearly forty years, during which he has endeared himself to us all by his kindness, love, and sympathy, — we, as a Board of Deacons, will especially feel his loss, as he was ever ready to counsel and sustain us in the discharge of our duties.

*Resolved*, That we bow in submission to the Divine will, knowing that God doeth all things well. And as our beloved pastor honored Christ while he lived, now we believe that Christ has crowned his labors. And as we reflect on his exemplary and Christian life, we are constrained to say, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end

be like his." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

*Resolved*, That we extend our tenderest sympathy to the bereaved widow and sons of our late pastor, and in their great sorrow commend them to the God of all grace, who has promised to be the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless.

#### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

OUR heavenly Father, the King of kings and Lord of lords, has in His love and wisdom called from our midst the Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., whom we dearly loved as our pastor and friend.

All things work together for good to them that love God, — to them who are called according to His purpose.

Dr. Van Dyke was chosen by the grace of God to take a foremost place in the ranks of the Presbyterian Church, and by his superior ability was instrumental in accomplishing much for the glory of Christ.

He was esteemed by all who knew him or came in contact with his writings, for the strength and fearlessness of his character, and his readiness to perform whatever duty God imposed.

His many expressions of love for us, and his approval of the aim and work of the Christian Endeavor Society, led us on to nobler deeds. Therefore,

*Resolved*, That in our (brief) separation from Dr.



Van Dyke the Society of Christian Endeavor, and the young people meeting with them, loses a loving pastor, friend, and counsellor.

We bow in humble submission to the Divine will of our heavenly Father, and thank Him for His many mercies to us; and in cherishing the memory of our beloved pastor, we endeavor to establish the work of his hands, by living purer lives and fitting ourselves to carry on the work in which he has instructed us; and in our sorrow remembering the afflicted family, we extend to them our heartfelt sympathy and love, and assure them of our fidelity to the church in which our beloved pastor ministered so many years. And, furthermore, be it

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be filed with the records of the Christian Endeavor Society, and that a copy be sent to Mrs. Van Dyke.

BROOKLYN, June 2, 1891.

#### MINUTE OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

THE Sabbath-school of the Second Presbyterian Church have ordered the following minute to be placed on record and transmitted to the family of Dr. Van Dyke:—

By a mysterious providence our precious pastor, Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., has been taken from us. Though deeply bereaved by the sudden death of him whom we loved and trusted as a dear father, we bow in humble submission to the will of

God, knowing he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.

Although we have lost our pastor, he is not dead ; the righteous never die. He has gone to dwell forever in "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, with saints and angels who are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night." Could we but take our place upon some heavenly height, and look upon that immortal company, we could recognize the glorified, beautiful form of our beloved friend. As a Sabbath-school, we tenderly loved him, for his great loving heart embraced us all. Every visit to our school was the signal for the kindest, most affectionate greeting ; and well do we remember the oft-repeated words, "Children, I love you, — I love you all."

Our hearts go out in tender loving sympathy to the stricken family in their great sorrow. May the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, sanctify to this school and to our church this sore bereavement, and draw our hearts nearer to the blessed Saviour.

THE END.

